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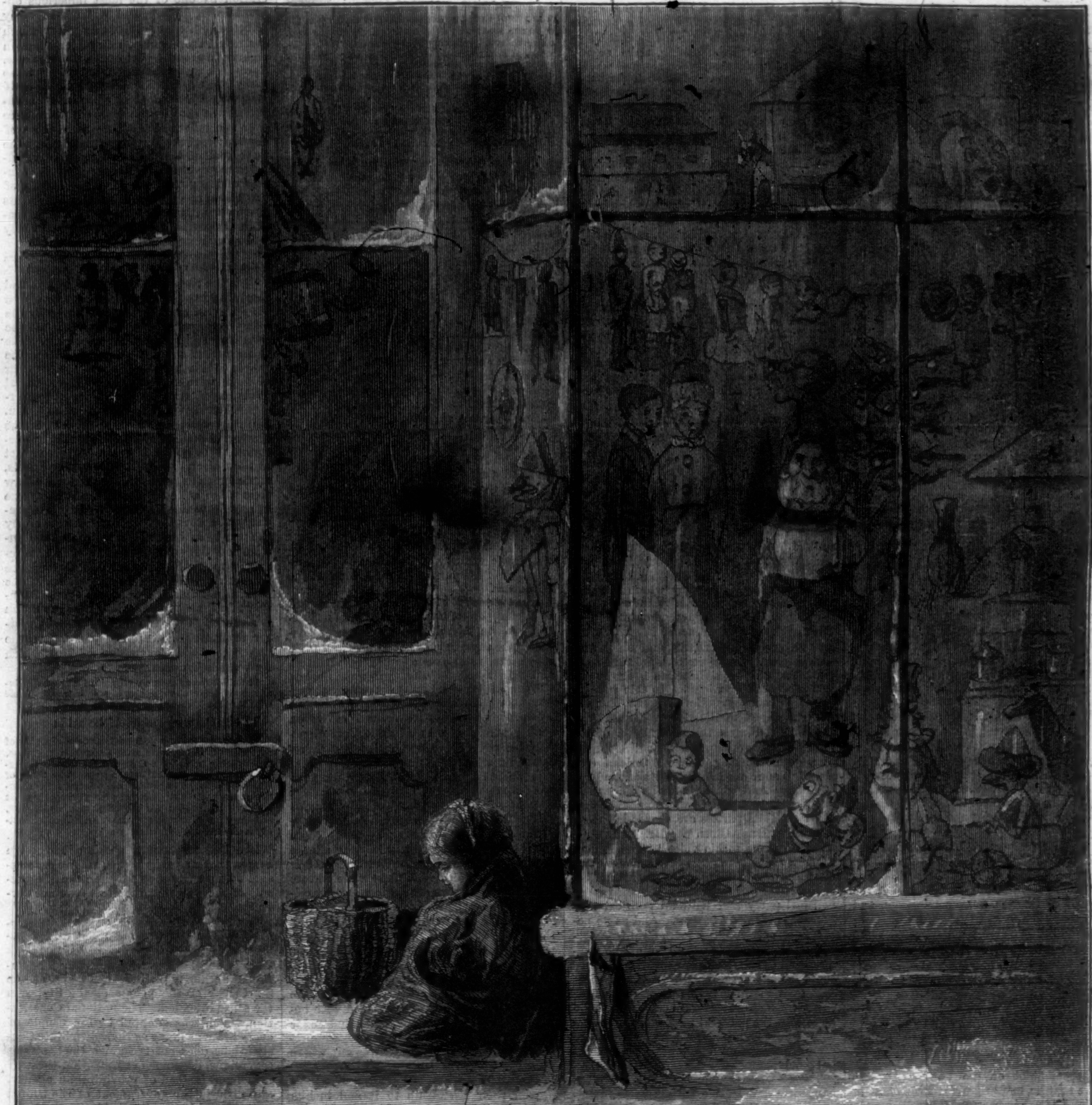

FAITH—WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.—[FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY M. WOOLF.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

☞ We would call especial attention to the brilliantly

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE POPE.

THE journals which were so swift to condemn Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet as unpractical and untimely have changed their opinion. Even the London *Times*, which does not like Mr. GLADSTONE, now says that the replies which are made to him show that he has pointed out the startling fact that by the Vatican Decrees the Pope stands between every Catholic and the government to which his allegiance is due. DR. DÖLLINGER also, the leader of the German Old Catholic party, who has been papally excommunicated for refusing to recognize the Decree of Infallibility, says:

> "By the new decree it is the duty of every layman, whenever it is intimated to him that this or that question has been decided by the Pope, to obey. When the Pope orders a man to vote in a specified manner, he is obliged, even in his capacity as a member of Parliament, to obey. That was never said before. It is a new situation since 1870. Mr. GLADSTONE brings this truth out in his pamphlet. He says that the civil elections of every Catholic country are now quite uncertain, because they depend entirely upon the will of a foreign potentate. This is the side of the question which ought to be studied in the United States too."

No man has been more persistently disparaged by a certain class in England than Mr. GLADSTONE, but no one has more steadily risen in public regard, or commands more public confidence. From the publication, thirty-six years ago, of his work upon Church and State, which MACAULAY elaborately reviewed, down to his pamphlet upon the Vatican Decrees, his career has shown him to be not only a man of very great intellectual power and admirable scholarship, but a statesman of profound convictions and perfect courage. To the Palmerstonian Englishman GLADSTONE has always seemed to be a prig, and a goody and a petulant pedagogue who could not take a joke; and to the English jealousy of principle and suspicion of logic in politics he has seemed too earnest and austere. But this visionary scholar has shown himself to be one of the greatest of English finance ministers, and this prig proposed an Irish policy which England had longed for for a hundred years and did not dare to adopt. He has shared the fate of all profound and sincere minds among shallower men, and it will not be long before those who supposed his position upon the Religious Worship Bill of last summer showed that he had abdicated the Liberal leadership will see that he more than ever represents the true English tradition of liberty and independence.

His pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees shows that he, more than any Protestant in England, if not in the world, has thoroughly mastered the scope of the Council and laid bare its purpose. Accustomed to large views and to study tendencies, he has not failed to observe that simultaneously with the rapidly developed ascendency of Jesuitism in the control of the Roman Church, the Roman Church was felt every where throughout its vast extent to be strengthening its lines of aggression upon the tendency of civilization and the liberal movement of the modern mind. To such a mind the assembly of a Universal Council under Jesuit control, and the promulgation of so astounding a decree as that of absolute infallibility, following that of the papal declaration of immaculate conception, meant very much more than the affirmation of an admitted dogma. So elaborate and magnificent a ceremonial, full of doubtful chances to the peace of the Church, merely to announce what nobody denied and what implied nothing whatever, was absurd. If BISMARCK saw what it meant, GLADSTONE not only saw, but said. His pamphlet, quiet in tone, but of crushing and conclusive logic, is the most damaging blow that the Jesuit managers of the papacy have received. To them, at least, its tone is an echo of "the mighty trumpet" that LUTHER blew.

Besides its immense sale, already rising or risen to thirty thousand copies in England, its general diffusion through the United States and Europe, and the universal attention which it has commanded, the profound interest in the subject and the great ability with which it is treated are shown in the prompt replies from the Catholic leaders in England, which justify the expostulation and confirm its allegations. For it must be remembered that Mr. GLADSTONE calls his pamphlet "a political expostulation," and addresses it to his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, asking them to say whether his view is not correct, and whether the decree does not affect their civil allegiance. Four of these replies are important and most significant. Two of them are from Archbishop MANNING, the Roman leader in England, and Monsignor CAPEL, his lieutenant, and the especial missionary to the aristocracy, as set forth in DISRAELI'S *Lothair*. The other two are from Lord ACTON and Lord CAMOYS. The two latter in different ways acknowledge the justice of Mr. GLADSTONE'S interpretation of the decrees. Lord CAMOYS, indeed, says that if the Pope should issue an edict tending to weaken allegiance, the Catholic Englishman "must either withhold his allegiance on the one hand, or risk his salvation on the other;" and he distinctly declares that he does not accept the doctrine of personal infallibility. The two former, in indignantly denying that the decree affects civil allegiance, admit it, and admit it in exactly the way that Mr. GLADSTONE points out. They say substantially that civil allegiance is always modified by duty to God. But as the decree declares the Pope infallible in matters of faith and morals, he of course decides what is duty to God. And he may declare it to be a duty to God to disobey the Queen. The justification of Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet, if it needed any, is perfected in the mouths of Roman archbishops and monsignori.

But its general effect will not be less marked. The two greatest living statesmen, BISMARCK and GLADSTONE, have now called the attention of Christendom to the fact that in every country where it exists the Roman Church is a political party, whose chief is a foreigner, commanding by the most powerful influence known to human nature, religious faith, and which pursues in every country its own political ends. Dr. DÖLLINGER says that this is the aspect of the question which we in this country ought to consider. He is right. For the political object of the Roman hierarchy in the United States, the destruction of the public-school system, is not pursued for the purpose of making better American citizens, but more obedient subjects of the Pope of Rome. And while this is its object as a party, if it is criticised and exposed as all other political parties are, it pleads that it is persecuted as a Church. "Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice." The Roman Church, as a Church, the political critic has no more right to discuss than the Methodist, or the Jewish, or any other. But with every political party and with all political purposes it is his duty to deal. And as no political purpose could be more fatal to American institutions than the ruin of the public-school system, and as no political party could be more repugnant to the deepest American instinct than one whose policy and measures are determined by a foreign potentate, the political advances of the Roman Church in this country should be promptly met, thoroughly exposed, and utterly defeated.

The Messrs. HARPER have just issued a handsome and legible edition of the pamphlet of Mr. GLADSTONE, with a history of the Vatican Council, and the Latin and English text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees, by the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Dr. SCHAFF'S addition is most valuable, and is the first complete and succinct account of the Council which has been made generally accessible in this country. Dr. SCHAFF is not only a scholar of eminence, but he is a man of a singularly acute mind, who fully comprehends the scope and importance of the warfare which the Roman Church has opened upon modern civilization. As long as the Pope personally chose to denounce enlightened progress and "soul liberty," the matter was of no great importance. But now that he is declared by the authority of his Church infallible, with the power of deciding absolutely the moral and religious duties of all Roman Catholics, it is not a personal or local, but a universal concern.

POSTPONED.

ON the 19th of December, 1871, President GRANT, in transmitting to Congress the report of the Civil Service Commission, said:

> "If left to me without further Congressional action, the rules prescribed by the Commission, under the reservation already mentioned [the executive power to alter and amend], will be faithfully executed; but they are not binding, without further legislation, upon my successors."

In his Message of the 7th of December, 1874, the President says:

> "The rules adopted to improve the civil service of the government have been adhered to as closely as has been practicable with the opposition with which they meet. The effect, I believe, has been beneficial on the whole, and has tended to the elevation of the service; but it is impracticable to maintain them without the direct and positive support of Congress. Generally the support which this reform receives is from those who give it their support only to find fault when the rules are apparently departed from. Removals from office without preferring charges against the parties removed are frequently cited as departures from the rules adopted, and the retention of those against whom charges are made by irresponsible persons and without good grounds is also often condemned as a violation of them.
>
> "Under these circumstances, therefore, I announce that if Congress adjourns without positive legislation on 'civil service reform,' I will regard such action as a disapproval of the system, and will abandon it."

The hostility of Congress has been shown from the moment the first Message was read, and as this Congress is the same which last year contemptuously refused its aid, this declaration by the President must be regarded as the present end even of a formal effort to reform the abuses of the civil service by the substitution of a reasonable system. The country will hardly be surprised, however much it may regret the result. It is especially an executive reform, and the action of the President, while showing a consciousness of the inconveniences and annoyances of the present system, and a sincere wish that something might be done to correct it, has not revealed that kind of perception and resolution which can alone accomplish results. The President had in his second term an opportunity of administrative reform which would have made his civil career only less illustrious than his military service. Had he held firmly to his declared purpose, which the National Republican Convention had ratified, he would have both purged and strengthened his party, and Republican dominance would have been long assured. Congress, indeed, was hostile, but unfortunately he taught both it and the country to doubt alike the earnestness of his purpose and the force of his resolution.

The statement of the President in regard to the support of the reform reflects unjustly upon its friends. It is generally sustained, he says, only by those who find fault when the rules are apparently violated, and this apparent violation occurs when officers are removed without charges preferred, or when others are retained despite irresponsible accusations. But cavils on such grounds, as he well knows, are objections of mere ignorance, and ought therefore no more to affect him than any other groundless rumor. The rules leave the power of removal untouched, and irresponsible charges ought, of course, to be of no weight. But could the real friends of the reform support it efficiently by merely rejoicing when the rules were enforced and keeping silence when they were violated and contemned? Is it really contended that if we were sincere friends of reform we should have loudly celebrated the promotion of a Post-office clerk, under the rules, from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year, and held our tongues while CASEY was retained, and SIMMONS was appointed, and FILLEY not removed, and SHEPHERD nominated, and political assessments openly levied, and the Charlestown Navy-yard reinforced with bogus workmen, while FLANAGAN filled Texas with his men, and no evidence of a comprehensive and resolute purpose was any where visible? The President does great injustice to the real friends of the reform, who have proved their friendship to it and to him simply by holding him to his own declarations and engagements.

Meanwhile, if for the present the effort at a genuine reform of the civil service is postponed, all that has been done has been by no means lost. A method has been indicated, and the practicability of its details has been proved. Above all, the radical necessity of the reform has become evident to the intelligence of the country, and the demand for it will become more and more imperative. As the immediate and threatening peril of our politics is corruption in its various forms, and as nothing offers a more direct remedy than a sensible administrative reform of this kind, there is no measure of more pressing practical importance than that which the President has unfortunately not had the resolution to enforce.

STALE TOAST.

THE rejoicing Democrats of Philadelphia recently celebrated the results of the election with a banquet and toasts and speeches. And as we elsewhere remark that there is natural curiosity to know what the Democrats think of the situation, it is instructive to observe what they said upon this happy occasion. The first three or four toasts are the only important declarations.

> "1. The Democratic Party—Its aims and efforts are for the welfare of the whole people; its antagonists are class and special privileges, for the benefit of the few; while the corruptions, usurpations, and abuses of the radical party are without parallel since the government was declared to derive all its just powers from the consent of the governed."

The party which is thus declared to be that which aims at the welfare of the whole people is that which was controlled for a generation by one of the most imperious oligarchies in history, and which was solely directed to the perpetuity of a policy which destroyed the common natural and human rights of a seventh part of the whole people. The toast says that the antagonists of the party are class and special privileges. If there was ever a distinct class in the country, it was the slave-holders; if there were ever special privileges, they were those of slavery; and the Democratic party was the mere tool of both. The toast further alludes to governments resting upon the consent of the governed. If to-day in half of the Union the government does derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, it is only because the Democratic party was not strong enough to prevent it.

> "2. The Federal Constitution—A grant by sovereign States to form a more perfect union of the grantors."

This is the modern form of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, which have been always more or less plainly asserted by the Democratic party, and which furnished the constitutional pretext for secession. The Constitution is the fundamental law of the people of thirty-seven States. Twenty-four of them were made States by the national government, and were certainly not sovereign when they were admitted to the Union. Did they become so by admission? If the States are politically sovereign, they are accountable to no other power. They may act at their discretion, make treaties, compacts, confederations, and unions, and withdraw from them at their pleasure. Is that true of any State in this Union? Is it not precisely the doctrine that was destroyed by the war? In his commentaries on the Constitution Judge STORY says that "antecedent to the Declaration of Independence none of the colonies were or pretended to be sovereign States." No one, not even a Pennsylvania Democrat, will deny that the Union is a sovereign power, and MADISON, in a letter to EDMUND RANDOLPH just before the meeting of the Convention of 1787, which formed the Union, says:

> "I hold it for a fundamental point that an individual independence of the States is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of an aggregate sovereignty."

In the Convention itself he said:

> "The States never possessed the essential rights of sovereignty. These were always vested in Congress. Their voting as States in Congress [of the Confederation] is no evidence of sovereignty. The State of Maryland voted by counties. Did this make the counties sovereign? The States at present are only great corporations, having the power of making by-laws, and these are effectual only if they are not contradictory to the general Confederation."

When Democrats now speak of sovereign States they not only repeat their old secession dogmas, but they contemn the great result of the war, that the States are not sovereign.

> "4. The Federal Government—The agent of the people of the States, supreme only within the constitutional limitations on its authority."

Here is another secession dogma. The national authority is not the agent of the States, nor of the people of the States, in the sense intended. The national Constitution, which was adopted by the people of every State as much as their own State Constitutions, does not recognize the States as sovereigns, does not even mention them by name, and instead of providing an agency, establishes "the government of the United States." This Constitution even the members of the Legislatures of "sovereign States" are sworn to support. "Now it is a common thing under all governments," says EDWARD EVERETT, "for an agent to be bound by oath to be faithful to his sovereign; but I never heard before of sovereigns being bound by oath to be faithful to their agency."

These toasts show that the Democrats of to-day are the Democrats of 1850 and 1860. Here are the same loose political assertions, which so far as they can be made precise are false, and are just those which, by constant iteration for many years, prepared the people of the Southern States for secession, and so confused the Northern mind that when BUCHANAN, prompted by BLACK, maundered that the Union was in mortal peril, but had no right to help itself, it really seemed to doubt for a moment if it were not so. Has this nation undergone the trials of the last fifteen years merely to reach the conclusion that the States are sovereign, that the government is their agency, and that the party of slavery aimed at the welfare of the whole people?

THE CAUCUS.

WE have already spoken of "regularity" as an element of party despotism which may very easily destroy a dominant party, because of the natural tendency of power to maintain itself by any and every means. The caucus system is one of the snares of "regularity" against which every man who acts with a party, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the country, should be upon his guard. A party caucus in a legislative body is a convenience, like a party nominating convention. But no man who means to retain his self-respect and his independence will ever consider himself bound by the action of a caucus or convention in which he takes part, if he considers it injurious to the great interest for the promotion of which he acts with a party. This is a point which should be clearly understood. Mere personal preferences, differences of judgment as to local considerations and the relative strength of unexceptionable candidates, every practical man will of course yield. But objections based upon character he can not yield. We do not mean only that he will not support the caucus nomination of a known thief or forger, but if the candidate be a person of such reputation and low tone of political character that his election would be in the judgment of the member of the caucus an injury to the country and a blow to the party itself, he will of course, having tried to prevent the nomination, refuse to support it. Otherwise the party tyranny becomes absolute, and an honest and intelligent man who acts with any party places his manhood at the disposition of the party majority.

These are very elemental truths, and we commend them to all Republicans in States where the party controls the Legislature, and will elect a United States Senator this winter. The first duty of every Republican member of such a Legislature is to remember that to serve the party whose ascendency he believes indispensable to the national welfare, he must steadily refuse to support any candidate whose character and life do not prove to the country that his party seeks not only the ablest but the most irreproachable men for official responsibility. A great part of the disaster which has overtaken the Republican party is due to the general conviction that it had ceased to care for the selection of fit representatives of its aims and principles; and while public confidence may be regained by the election of truly representative men, it will be hopelessly lost if it is seen that the party machinery is still strong enough to turn out the kind of candidate that the country has decisively rejected. The Republican party will now be judged more than ever by the men whom it honors. Is there any Republican in the country so blind as not to see the incalculable harm which the President did the party by his nomination of SHEPHERD as Governor of the District of Columbia, or, on the other hand, the immense advantage to it of the offer to Mr. LOWELL of the mission to Russia? Or does he suppose that if the spirit which dictated the former act had not been believed by the country and by the best Republicans to control the Administration, there would have been such a Republican protest at the election?

Every Republican member of a Legislature in which his party holds the majority can help or harm the national prospect of the party by his vote for Senator, as the President did in the instances we mention. If such a member under any pretense submits to a caucus despotism against his better judgment, he betrays both his party and the country which he would serve by it. If he votes for a candidate whom he does not respect, who is known to the country as one of the men who are responsible for the low tone which has appeared in the party, and of which the proofs are such things as the *Crédit Mobilier*, the salary grab, the moiety business, the hostility to reform of the civil service, the confirmation of unworthy nominations, as well as the making them—if he votes for such a candidate, he does what he can to destroy the Republican party. Every honest Republican every where in the country is interested in his action, and is authorized by his common interest in progressive and enlightened government to beg him to consider well. As the Republicans of Essex in Massachusetts dealt with General BUTLER, so let all Republicans deal with candidates who, like BUTLER, demoralize and degrade politics and the public service.

EZRA CORNELL.

DURING the debate in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 upon the article which sanctioned the grant to the Cornell University, so long as the conditions were observed, Mr. CORNELL sat listening with a friend. The member who was speaking quoted a few Latin words, and Mr. CORNELL, turning to his companion, said, "Do you understand that?" "I do," was the answer. "I do not," returned Mr. CORNELL; "but if God wills, and I can do what I wish, no man of my age in the country need say so hereafter." To found a great university for the people, in which any body could learn any thing, was the life's purpose of the sturdy, generous, courageous, and resolute man who has just died at the age of sixty-seven. He was on his way to Pennsylvania looking for work, when, at the age of twenty-one, he stopped at the village of Ithaca to work at very slender wages, and there he lived for the rest of his life, and there the dream of his life has taken form in the stately buildings that crown the hill above the Lake of Cayuga. Sagacious, industrious, and frugal, of indomitable tenacity and courage, he acquired great wealth, which, even before he began to realize, he had consecrated to the loftiest purpose. Heaven helps those who help themselves; and the Congressional land grant for education of 1862, and his acquaintance in the State Senate with his colleague, President WHITE, of Syracuse, enabled Mr. CORNELL to accomplish his noble design.

His unquailing purpose and tireless industry, sparing himself no travel, no exposure, no personal and prolonged toil, and making every opportunity useful, with his enormous gifts of money and the guarantee of the New York share of the grant under the act of 1862, combined with the scholarly enthusiasm, unselfish devotion, remarkable organizing power, and knowledge of university requirements of President ANDREW D. WHITE, founded and started the Cornell University, which Mr. M'GRATH and Mr. SAGE have so munificently aided. It is dedicated to knowledge in the largest sense, and is absolutely free from sectarian bias or control. We see the result; but the devotion of a life to reach it, with all the crosses, struggles, disappointments, disasters, we can not know. Yet the steady heart, the essential manhood, of EZRA CORNELL bore him through all, and the unselfish toil of a life had unconsciously built the noblest monument of his name and character. But it was not he that required or asked that the university should bear his name. All that he wished was that it should be built in the quiet town in which his laborious life had been passed.

Mr. CORNELL was one of the men who are called peculiarly American, because of the feeling that his qualities and his career, the energy, probity, sagacity, industry, and economy which gave him the victory over adverse circumstance, are precisely the forces which have subdued this continent and made this nation. He filled many positions, among others that of the presidency of the State Agricultural Society, and was chairman of the board of trustees of the Cornell University when he died, and in all he showed the same fidelity and intelligence. Personally tall and spare, his face was of the American type, grave and shrewd; and he made an immediate and profound impression of honesty, sagacity, and pluck. His pride and joy was the university, to which his devotion was so absolute and absorbing that it was not always easy for him to understand why others were not as wholly interested as he. The name of EZRA CORNELL will long be gratefully honored as that of one who knew that all his money and his time and his powers were but a divine bounty which he held in trust for the benefit of his fellow-men.

PERSONAL.

PHILADELPHIA may be congratulated on having again secured the services of one of her most estimable and capable men as a member of the Board of Public Education for three years from the 1st prox. Mr. M. HALL STANTON, who has just been re-appointed to that position, has been an active and influential member of the board since 1865, and its president since 1870. It is well understood in Philadelphia that to the intelligent, zealous labors of Mr. STANTON the public schools of Philadelphia are largely indebted for their efficiency and success. From the outset his work has been a labor of love. The proper education of the masses has been to him for many years a matter of profound study, and many suggestions made by him as to the manner of imparting knowledge and education have been useful to both teacher and pupil. His visits to the schools are always hailed with delight, and beyond doubt he is one of the most popular officials in the city of Philadelphia.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, whose admirable little work on *Politics for Young Americans* is eliciting hearty commendation from all parts of the country, shows himself to be about the most practical, as he is one of the most useful and entertaining, of American authors. The cordial appreciation of him in England is shown by the *Spectator*, which gives two readable papers on his *California*. It says: "The book reads like a fairy tale, and seizes upon the imagination with the force of one. It is altogether so attractive that it is difficult to select portions for such notice as ours....Mr. NORDHOFF has investigated every branch of every industry in the country with patient care. We do not think any thing more than he tells us can remain to be told about the Golden State, and he has invested all the sides of his subject with equal interest and liveliness. His sketches of character and his anecdotes are very amusing."

—The Emperor of Austria has sent to Governor ALLEN, for the State of Ohio, a medal which was awarded as a special token to that State for its large contributions of useful productions to the Vienna Exhibition.

—Here are two entries that are said to exist in the same album in the possession of an autograph hunter: "A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, moderation in success.—BISMARCK." "The friendship of a great man is a gift from heaven.—VON ARNIM."

—It is reported that Mr. GEORGE JONES, of the New York *Times*, has purchased from EDWIN B. MORGAN the whole of the latter's stock in that paper at $12,000 a share. Mr. MORGAN owned a little more than half the stock.

—That circumstances alter cases has a fresh illustration in the embarrassing predicament in which VON ARNIM finds himself. In 1870 he was embassador at Rome, and a German sculptor named SCHAFFER had a grievance against him, but not a court in Germany would hear SCHAFFER's story. Now he is officially invited to make his complaint, and take his turn at the whirligig of time.

—The manner of stating a personal in certain sections of the West is peculiar. Thus: "DAVID YOUNG, of Cass County, has died young and foolish. He removed the top off his head by the approved method of testing whether the gun was loaded or not by blowing into the muzzle. The coroner of Cass County made $13 75 off of him."

—General SHERMAN has a frank and spunky way of expressing himself. Recently he returned the application of a St. Louis young man for employment with this indorsement: "I have neither favor nor influence at Washington, and am refused the privilege of employing a clerk, having to detail officers or soldiers for that service. I therefore decline to forward your application, and herewith return it to you."

—Senator SCHURZ is gaining high commendation in the leading cities of the country by his admirable lecture on public and educational matters. At a banquet given to him in Buffalo he said that one of the disadvantages he labored under in public life was a habit of telling the truth, but he should continue in the habit, whether in or out of office.

—Modern English statesmen have been somewhat conspicuous for their interest in religious matters. Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiarity in this respect is remarkable. The two Lord Chancellors appointed by him were distinguished in the same way, Lord HATHERLEY having written a book on the *Continuity of Scripture*, and Lord SELBORNE having compiled the *Book of Praise*. The Duke of Argyle was a contributor to *Good Words*, and Lord COLERIDGE, when one of Mr. GLADSTONE's law officers, found time to edit the *Mirror for Monks*. The late Lord Chancellor WESTBURY frequently addressed Young Men's Institutes on religious subjects. The late Lord DERBY wrote a hymn-book and some lessons on the parables of our Lord, for children. Lord ABERDEEN, who once succeeded him in the Premiership, was a very religious man. Mr. BRIGHT is a kind of Broad-Church Quaker, and can quote the Bible with great effect, and Earl RUSSELL has frequently expressed himself publicly on religious matters with great eloquence.

—We suppose it may be believed, although it comes from a very Western paper, that SAMUEL W. ALLEN is the greatest herdsman in the world. He has a ranche eighty miles long in Nevada, and has 225,000 cattle. That is what the paper man says, and we suppose it must be taken at that.

—ERNEST VAILLANT, whose name has of late been so often in papers foreign and domestic, is forty-one years old, was once ring-master in a circus, has lectured on mesmerism, has taken cheap photographs, has played the cornet in a theatrical orchestra, and is now under arrest in Paris on a charge of participation in the Commune.

—It is said that Mr. WALTER, chief proprietor of the London *Times*, derives more profit from an old contract for printing than from the ordinary profits of the paper. The other proprietors are represented by Mr. DELANE, the editor, in whom they have implicit confidence, and who knows that if he falls out with Mr. WALTER he will be supported by their votes. The *Telegraph* belongs to two brothers, Messrs. LAWSON and LEVY, and to the heirs of a Mr. MOSS, who died about a year ago. It is managed by Mr. LEVY, and his son is the editor. When the family of LEVY agree together, they are all-powerful in matters connected with the newspaper. The *Daily News* belongs to Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Mr. OPPENHEIM. It is conducted by a manager and an editor. The manager, Mr. ROBINSON, is a man of great ability, and to his practical intelligence it is mainly due that the newspaper has acquired its present position. Mr. HILL, the editor, confines himself to the supervision of the political and literary portions of the journal, and sees that they offend neither the Non-conformists, as represented by Mr. MORLEY, the Jews, as represented by Mr. OPPENHEIM, or the unattached Christians, as represented by Mr. LABOUCHERE. The *Standard* belongs to Mr. JOHNSTONE. He recently fell out with his editor, and appointed his son to the post.

—Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER writes for more peoples than any other living author. The works of no poet or novelist, living or dead, have been translated into so many languages as have those of this distinguished thinker. His great work on the *Intellectual Development of Europe* has appeared in English, French, German, Italian, and Russian; and his most recent contribution to literature, the *Conflict of Science and Religion*, was published simultaneously in America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Russia. Dr. DRAPER is not only a man of immense learning, but, as the *Westminster Review* said of the *Intellectual Development*, has an art of presentation that renders his books not only such as we ought to read, but also such as we like to read.

—Miss SOLDENE is making English comic opera quite as popular as TOSTEE did opéra bouffe, and at the same theatre where the *Grande Duchesse* was first brought out in New York. Her beautiful voice and attractive manner are supplemented by remarkable dramatic power of acting, and in their English form the plays have been subjected to a careful pruning away of features objectionable to good taste.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE final session of the Forty-third Congress was opened on the 7th inst. No changes have occurred in the Senate, but in the House four new members took their seats, viz., Richard Schell, vice D. B. Mellish, deceased; S. B. Chittenden, vice Stewart L. Woodford, resigned; William E. Finck, of Ohio, vice H. J. Jewett, resigned; and L. Cass Carpenter, of South Carolina, vice R. B. Elliott, recently elected Speaker of the State House of Representatives.—On roll-call 238 out of 301 members of the House were present.—The President's Message was received and referred in parts to the appropriate committees.—The standing committees of the Senate were announced on the 9th, and those of the House on the 10th. No important changes were made in either.—Several nominations were made by the President to the Senate, among them that of Marshall Jewell to be Postmaster-General.—In the House Judiciary Committee, on the 8th, the Civil Rights Bill was discussed, and a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Butler, Pollard, and White, was appointed to draft a new bill. Mr. White, of Alabama, submitted his bill, which provides that on railroads, steamboats, hotels, and in places of amusement and public schools the colored people shall have separate accommodations, but equal in convenience, so that they shall enjoy equal privileges with the whites, but avoid the association of the two colors.—On the 8th Senator Sherman gave notice that on the 14th he would call up a bill for the revision of the customs laws. It provides for a commission of seven—one Senator, two Representatives in the next House, two officers of the customs service, and two citizens familiar with the customs laws—to report to Congress before December, 1875, a revised system of customs laws. The commissioners are to be allowed necessary traveling expenses, but no compensation.—The financial question was brought up in the House on the 8th by Mr. Kelley (Republican), of Pennsylvania, who proposed a bill for the exchange of greenbacks into 3.65 convertible bonds. He claimed that the government would thus get about $500,000,000 at that low rate of interest with which to redeem the gold bearing bonds now held abroad; that it would relieve the government of its foreign debt; that it would give increased value to the greenbacks, diminish the demand for gold, and thereby remove the disparity between them and gold. It would quicken every industry and restore confidence to the people. A lengthy discussion followed, ending in an order to print the bill.—On the 10th the bill was again brought up. Mr. Willard (Republican), of Vermont, offered an amendment, that greenbacks shall not be a legal tender in payment of debts contracted after July 1, 1875. No definite action was taken.—Mr. Roberts (Republican), of New York, proposed to amend the Constitution, providing that Congress shall not make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of individual debts, and that Congress shall pass no law impairing the obligations of contracts.—The House Committee on Appropriations reported, on the 7th, in favor of the following sums: Legislative, $19,6[illegible]3,434; Navy, $16,976,000; Army, $27,701,500; Indians, $4,881,507; Fortifications, $850,000. These figures are considerably below those of last year.—Mr. Morrill (Republican), of Maine, from the joint select committee appointed at the last session to frame a new government for the District of Columbia, reported a scheme, which was ordered to be printed.—The House passed one of a number of bills that were introduced for the relief of settlers on the public lands in the West who have suffered from the grasshopper plague. It allows settlers to leave and be absent from their lands till May, 1876, without prejudice to their rights.—Mr. M'Crary (Republican), of Iowa, presented a bill in the House, on the 8th, to extinguish the Indian title to the Black Hills reservation in Dakota.—Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, gave notice in the House, on the opening day, that on the 14th he would move to suspend the rules and repeal the "Press Gag Law" passed at the last session.—The postal telegraph scheme came before the Senate, on the 8th, in a new form. Mr. West introduced a bill for the construction of a government telegraph line from Washington to Boston, *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Hartford, to be operated in the post-offices of those cities, under the charge of the Postmaster-General, and to be open to all at a uniform rate. The bill was ordered to be printed.—Mr. Beck's bill, prohibiting members of Congress from acting as counsel or otherwise in suits or proceedings against the United States, passed the House for the third time on the 8th.—Three bills for the reduction of the President's salary to $25,000 were proposed in the two Houses on the 8th.—A bill for the repeal of the acts requiring stamps on bank checks, etc., was offered in the House on the 8th.—A joint resolution was agreed to by the Senate on the 10th, and by the House on the 11th, appointing George Bancroft a member of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, in place of General Sherman, resigned.—The Ways and Means Committee of the House began an investigation of the Pacific Mail subsidy matter, and several of the company's officers and agents were summoned to testify.

Fifteen thousand iron puddlers in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, struck on the 7th inst. against a proposed reduction of wages. Eight hundred puddling furnaces are standing idle.

The whole number of granges in the United States is 21,472, an increase of 364 during November. There are 266 lodges in this State.

The Hon. Dudley S. Gregory, one of the foremost residents of Jersey City, died on the 8th inst., aged 75 years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE amendments to the Mexican Constitution, making changes in Congress and creating a Senate, have been promulgated as the law of the land, with firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and a grand military review by the President. Congress is debating on a bill restricting the powers of the Roman Catholic Church. One clause provides for the complete separation of church and state, and another for the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity from the Republic.

The Spanish government forces, numbering 4000 men, under General Loma, attacked the Carlists near Andodin on the 7th inst., and were repulsed with heavy loss and driven back to San Sebastian. Marshal Serrano has reached the North.

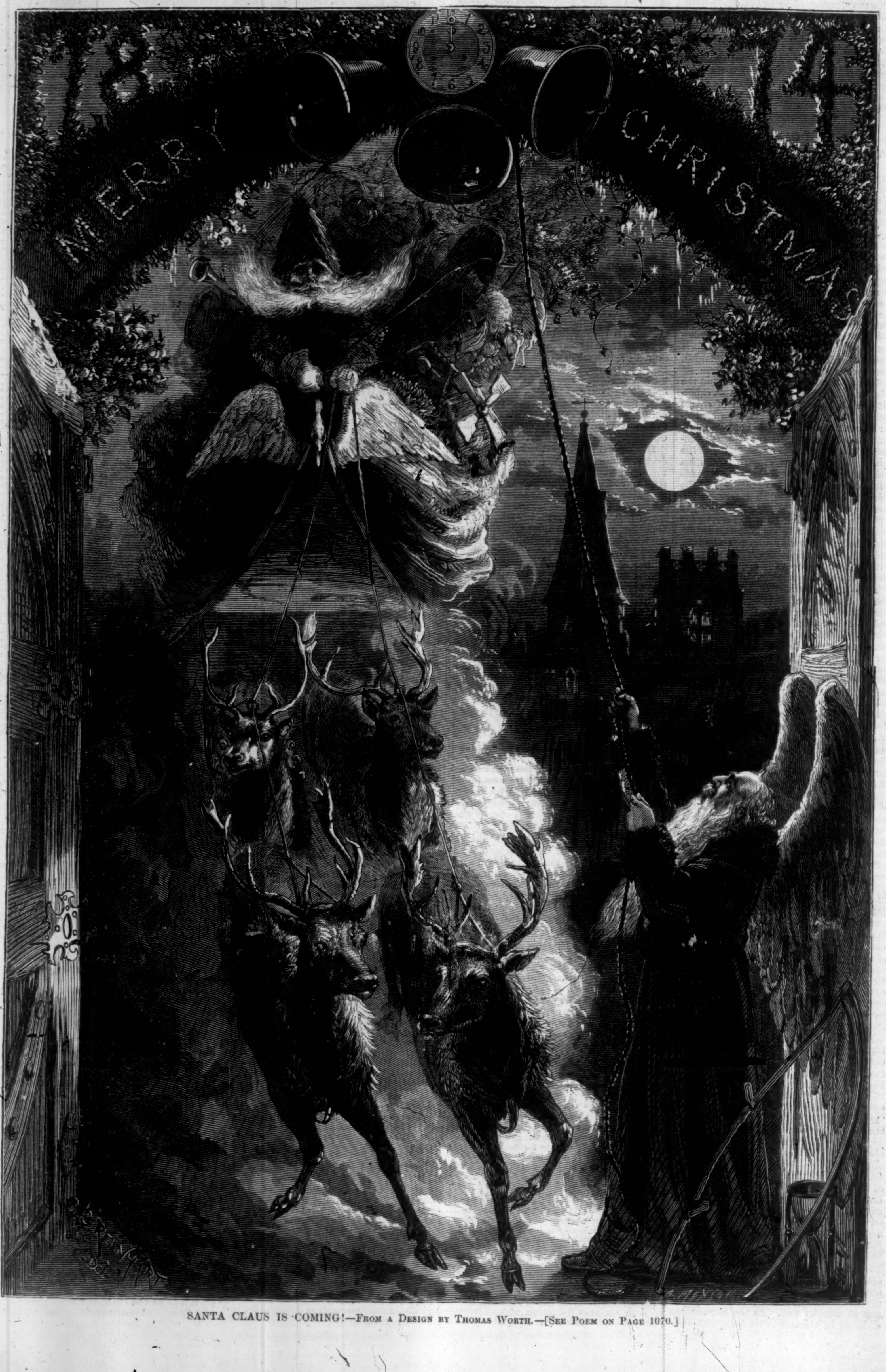
The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 4th, handed to our embassador, Mr. Cushing, an official note in regard to the *Virginius* difficulty. An amicable settlement is expected.

A terrific gale swept the British coast on the 9th inst. Several vessels were wrecked and many lives lost. A large ship, supposed to be the *Henry Cook*, from Quebec for Shields, was lost, with fifteen of her crew.

Great Britain has accepted the official invitation of the United States to send a commission to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

The trial of Count von Arnim for "dereliction of official duty" began at Berlin on the 9th.

It is feared that the steamer *Pelican*, from Cardiff for Cork, has been lost, with her passengers and crew of forty-six.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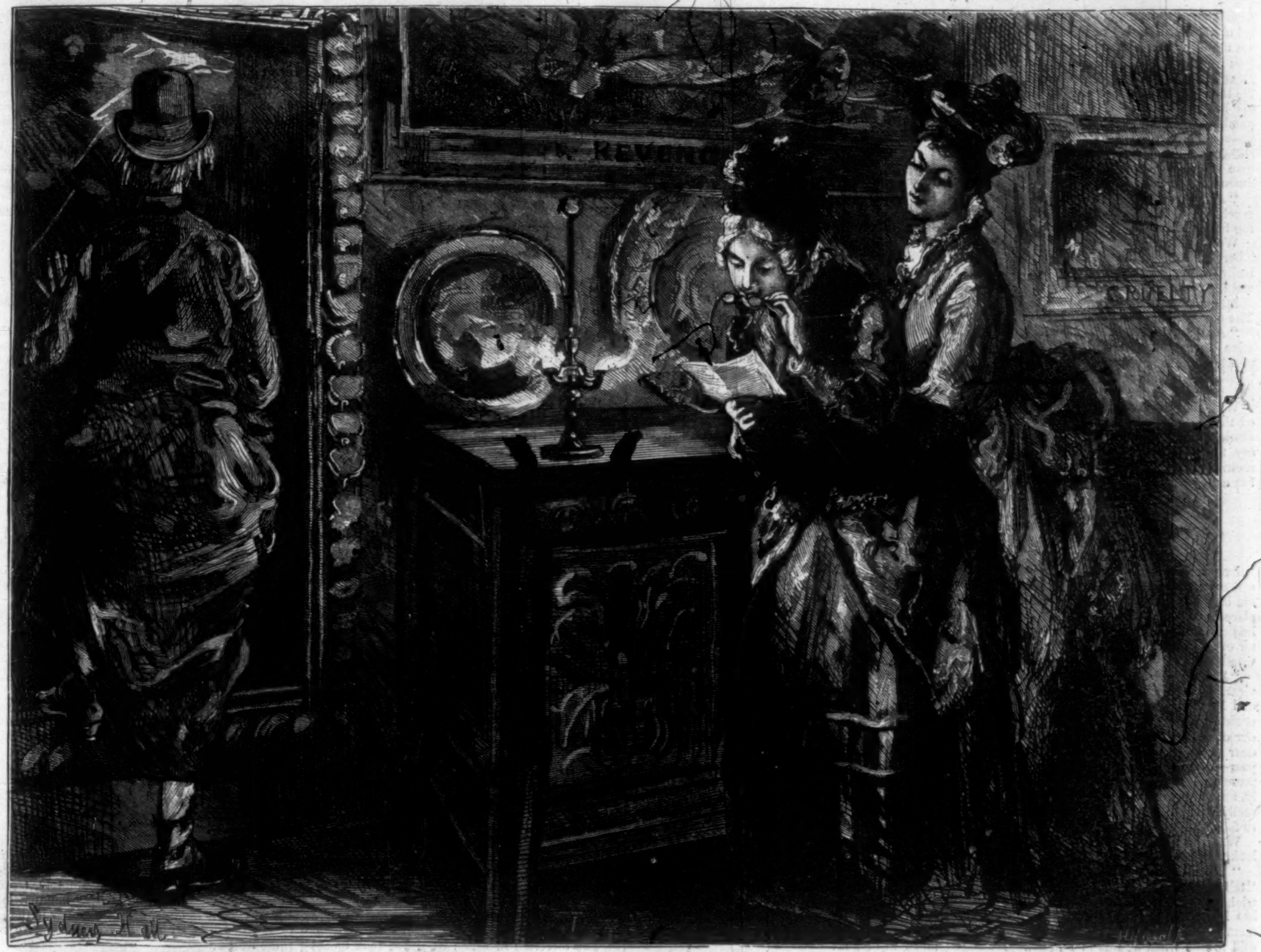
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING!—From a Design by Thomas Worth.—[See Poem on Page 1070.]



"MRS. MACALLAN APPROACHED THE OIL-LAMP, AND LOOKED BY ITS LIGHT AT THE SHEET OF PAPER WHICH THE WOMAN HAD GIVEN TO HER."

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAJOR MAKES DIFFICULTIES.

As I opened the dining-room door the major hastened to meet me. He looked the brightest and the youngest of living elderly gentlemen, with his smart blue frock-coat, his winning smile, his ruby ring, and his ready compliment. It was quite cheering to meet the modern Don Juan once more.

"I don't ask after your health," said the old gentleman; "your eyes answer me, my dear lady, before I can put the question. At your age a long sleep is the true beauty-draught. Plenty of bed—there is the simple secret of keeping your good looks and living a long life—plenty of bed!"

"I have not been so long in my bed, major, as you suppose. To tell the truth, I have been up all night, reading."

Major Fitz-David lifted his well-painted eyebrows in polite surprise.

"What is the happy book which has interested you so deeply?" he asked.

"The book," I answered, "is the Trial of my husband for the murder of his first wife."

The major's smile vanished. He drew back a step with a look of dismay.

"Don't mention that horrid book!" he exclaimed. "Don't speak of that dreadful subject! What have beauty and grace to do with Trials, Poisonings, Horrors? Why, my charming friend, profane your lips by talking of such things? Why frighten away the Loves and the Graces that lie hid in your smile? Humor an old fellow who adores the Loves and the Graces, and who asks nothing better than to sun himself in your smile. Luncheon is ready. Let us be cheerful. Let us laugh and lunch."

He led me to the table and filled my plate and my glass with the air of a man who considered himself to be engaged in one of the most important occupations of his life. Benjamin kept the conversation going in the interval.

"Major Fitz-David brings you some news, my dear," he said. "Your mother-in-law, Mrs. Macallan, is coming here to see you to-day."

My mother-in-law coming to see me! I turned eagerly to the major for further information.

"Has Mrs. Macallan heard any thing of my husband?" I asked. "Is she coming here to tell me about him?"

"She has heard from him, I believe," said the major; "and she has also heard from your uncle the vicar. Our excellent Starkweather has written to her—to what purpose I have not been informed. I only know that on receipt of his letter she has decided on paying you a visit. I met the old lady last night at a party, and I tried hard to discover whether she was coming to you as your friend or your enemy. My powers of persuasion were completely thrown away on her. The fact is," said the major, speaking in the character of a youth of five-and-twenty making a modest confession, "I don't get on well with old women. Take the will for the deed, my sweet friend. I have tried to be of some use to you—and I have failed."

Those words offered me the opportunity for which I was waiting. I determined not to lose it.

"You can be of the greatest use to me," I said, "if you will allow me to presume, major, on your past kindness. I want to ask you a question; and I may have a favor to beg when you have answered me."

Major Fitz-David set down his wine-glass on its way to his lips, and looked at me with an appearance of breathless interest.

"Command me, my dear lady—I am yours and yours only," said the gallant old gentleman. "What do you wish to ask me?"

"I wish to ask if you know Miserrimus Dexter."

"Good Heavens!" cried the major; "that *is* an unexpected question! Know Miserrimus Dexter? I have known him for more years than I like to reckon up. What *can* be your object—"

"I can tell you what my object is in two words," I interposed. "I want you to give me an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter."

My impression is that the major turned pale under his paint. This, at any rate, is certain: his sparkling little gray eyes looked at me in undisguised bewilderment and alarm.

"You want to know Miserrimus Dexter?" he repeated, with the air of a man who doubted the evidence of his own senses. "Mr. Benjamin, have I taken too much of your excellent wine? Am I the victim of a delusion—or did our fair friend really ask me to give her an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter?"

Benjamin looked at me in some bewilderment on his side, and answered, quite seriously,

"I think you said so, my dear."

"I certainly said so," I rejoined. "What is there so very surprising in my request?"

"The man is mad!" cried the major. "In all England you could not have picked out a person more essentially unfit to be introduced to a lady—to a young lady especially—than Dexter. Have you heard of his horrible deformity?"

"I have heard of it—and it doesn't daunt me."

"Doesn't daunt you? My dear lady, the man's mind is as deformed as his body. What Voltaire said satirically of the character of his countrymen in general is literally true of Miserrimus Dexter. He is a mixture of the tiger and the monkey. At one moment he would frighten you, and at the next he would set you screaming with laughter. I don't deny that he is clever in some respects—brilliantly clever, I admit. And I don't say that he has ever committed any acts of violence, or ever willingly injured any body. But, for all that, he is mad, if ever a man was mad yet. Forgive me if the inquiry is impertinent. What can your motive possibly be for wanting an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter?"

"I want to consult him."

"May I ask on what subject?"

"On the subject of my husband's Trial."

Major Fitz-David groaned, and sought a momentary consolation in his friend Benjamin's claret.

"That dreadful subject again!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Benjamin, why does she persist in dwelling on that dreadful subject?"

"I must dwell on what is now the one employment and the one hope of my life," I said. "I have reason to hope that Miserrimus Dexter can help me to clear my husband's character of the stain which the Scotch Verdict has left on it. Tiger and monkey as he may be, I am ready to run the risk of being introduced to him. And I ask you again—rashly and obstinately as I fear you will think—to give me the introduction. It will put you to no inconvenience. I won't trouble you to escort me; a letter to Mr. Dexter will do."

The major looked piteously at Benjamin, and shook his head. Benjamin looked piteously at the major, and shook *his* head.

"She appears to insist on it," said the major.

"Yes," said Benjamin. "She appears to insist on it."

"I won't take the responsibility, Mr. Benjamin, of sending her alone to Miserrimus Dexter."

"Shall I go with her, Sir?"

The major reflected. Benjamin, in the capacity of protector, did not appear to inspire our military friend with confidence. After a moment's consideration a new idea seemed to strike him. He turned to me.

"My charming friend," he said, "be more charming than ever—consent to a compromise. Let us treat this difficulty about Dexter from a social point of view. What do you say to a little dinner?"

"A little dinner?" I repeated, not in the least understanding him.

"A little dinner," the major reiterated. "At my house. You insist on my introducing you to Dexter, and I refuse to trust you alone with that crack-brained personage. The only alternative under the circumstances is to invite him to meet you, and to let you form your own opinion of him—under the protection of my roof. Who shall we have to meet you besides?" pursued the major, brightening with hospitable intentions. "We want a perfect galaxy of beauty round the table, as a species of compensation, when we have got Miserrimus Dexter as one of the guests. Madame Mirliflore is still in London. You would be sure to like her—she is charming; she possesses your firmness, your extraordinary tenacity of purpose. Yes, we will have Madame Mirliflore. Who else? Shall we say Lady Clarinda? Another charming person, Mr. Benjamin! You would be sure to admire her—she is so sympathetic, she resembles in so many respects our fair friend here. Yes, Lady Clarinda shall be one of us; and you shall sit next to her, Mr. Benjamin, as a proof of my sincere regard for you. Shall we have my young prima donna to sing to us in the evening? I think so. She is pretty; she will assist in obscuring the deformity of Dexter. Very well; there is our party complete! I will shut myself up this evening and approach the question of dinner with my cook. Shall we say this day week," asked the major, taking out his pocket-book, "at eight o'clock?"

I consented to the proposed compromise—but not very willingly. With a letter of introduction, I might have seen Miserrimus Dexter that afternoon. As it was, the "little dinner" compelled me to wait in absolute inaction through a whole week. However, there was no help for it but to submit. Major Fitz-David, in his polite way, could be as obstinate as I was. He had evidently made up his mind; and further opposition on my part would be of no service to me.

"Punctually at eight, Mr. Benjamin," reiterated the major. "Put it down in your book."

Benjamin obeyed—with a side look at me, which I was at no loss to interpret. My good old friend did not relish meeting a man at dinner who was described as "half tiger, half monkey;" and the privilege of sitting next to Lady Clarinda rather daunted than delighted him. It was all my doing, and he too had no choice but to submit. "Punctually at eight, Sir," said poor old Benjamin, obediently recording his formidable engagement. "Please to take another glass of wine."

The major looked at his watch, and rose—with fluent apologies for abruptly leaving the table.

"It is later than I thought," he said. "I have an appointment with a friend—a female friend; a most attractive person. You a little remind me of her, my dear lady—you resemble her in complexion; the same creamy paleness. I adore creamy paleness. As I was saying, I have an appointment with my friend; she does me the honor to ask my opinion on some very remarkable specimens of old lace. I have studied old lace. I study every thing that can make me useful or agreeable to your enchanting sex. You won't forget our little dinner? I will send Dexter his invitation the moment I get home." He took my hand and looked at it critically, with his head a little on one side. "A delicious hand," he said; "you don't mind my looking at it—you don't mind my kissing it, do you? A delicious hand is one of my weaknesses. Forgive my weaknesses. I promise to repent and amend one of these days."

"At your age, major, do you think you have much time to lose?" asked a strange voice, speaking behind us.

We all three looked round toward the door. There stood my husband's mother, smiling satirically, with Benjamin's shy little maid-servant waiting to announce her.

Major Fitz-David was ready with his answer. The old soldier was not easily taken by surprise.

"Age, my dear Mrs. Macallan, is a purely relative expression," he said. "There are some people who are never young, and there are other people who are never old. I am one of the other people. *Au revoir!*"

With that answer the incorrigible major kissed the tips of his fingers to us and walked out. Benjamin, bowing with his old-fashioned courtesy, threw open the door of his little library, and inviting Mrs. Macallan and myself to pass in, left us together in the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW SURPRISES ME.

I took a chair at a respectful distance from the sofa on which Mrs. Macallan seated herself. The old lady smiled, and beckoned to me to take my place by her side. Judging by appearances, she had certainly not come to see me in the character of an enemy. It remained to be discovered whether she was really disposed to be my friend.

"I have received a letter from your uncle the vicar," she began. "He asks me to visit you, and I am happy—for reasons which you shall presently hear—to comply with his request. Under other circumstances I doubt very much, my dear child—strange as the confession may appear—whether I should have ventured into your presence. My son has behaved to you so weakly, and (in my opinion) so inexcusably, that I am really, speaking as his mother, almost ashamed to face you."

Was she in earnest? I listened to her and looked at her in amazement.

"Your uncle's letter," pursued Mrs. Macallan, "tells me how you have behaved under your hard trial, and what you propose to do now Eustace has left you. Doctor Starkweather, poor man, seems to be inexpressibly shocked by what you said to him when he was in London. He begs me to use my influence to induce you to abandon your present ideas, and to make you return to your old home at the Vicarage. I don't in the least agree with your uncle, my dear. Wild as I believe your plans to be—you have not the slightest chance of succeeding in carrying them out—I admire your courage, your fidelity, your unshaken faith in my unhappy son, after his unpardonable behavior to you. You are a fine creature, Valeria, and I have come here to tell you so in plain words. Give me a kiss, child. You deserve to be the wife of a hero, and you have married one of the weakest of living mortals. God forgive me for speaking so of my own son; but it's in my mind, and it must come out!"

This way of speaking of Eustace was more than I could suffer, even from his mother. I recovered the use of my tongue in my husband's defense.

"I am sincerely proud of your good opinion, dear Mrs. Macallan," I said. "But you distress me—forgive me if I own it plainly—when I hear you speak so disparagingly of Eustace. I can not agree with you that my husband is the weakest of living mortals."

"Of course not!" retorted the old lady. "You are like all good women—you make a hero of the man you love, whether he deserves it or not. Your husband has hosts of good qualities, child—and perhaps I know them better than you do. But his whole conduct, from the moment when he first entered your uncle's house to the present time, has been, I say again, the conduct of an essentially weak man. What do you think he has done now by way of climax? He has joined a charitable brotherhood; and he is off to the war in Spain with a red cross on his arm, when he ought to be here on his knees, asking his wife to forgive him. I say that is the conduct of a weak man. Some people might call it by a harder name."

This news startled and distressed me. I might be resigned to his leaving me, for a time; but all my instincts as a woman revolted at his placing himself in a position of danger during his separation from his wife. He had now deliberately added to my anxieties. I thought it cruel of him—but I would not confess what I thought to his mother. I affected to be as cool as she was; and I disputed her conclusions with all the firmness that I could summon to help me. The terrible old woman only went on abusing him more vehemently than ever.

"What I complain of in my son," proceeded Mrs. Macallan, "is that he has entirely failed to understand you. If he had married a fool, his conduct would be intelligible enough. He would have done wisely to conceal from a fool that he had been married already, and that he had suffered the horrid public exposure of a Trial for the murder of his wife. Then, again, he would have been quite right, when this same fool had discovered the truth, to take himself out of her way before she could suspect him of poisoning her—for the sake of the peace and quiet of both parties. But you are not a fool. I can see that, after only a short experience of you. Why can't he see it too? Why didn't he trust you with his secret from the first, instead of stealing his way into your affections under an assumed name? Why did he plan (as he confessed to me) to take you away to the Mediterranean, and to keep you abroad, for fear of some officious friends at home betraying him to you as the prisoner of the famous Trial? What is the plain answer to all these questions? What is the one possible explanation of this otherwise unaccountable conduct? There is only one answer, and one explanation. My poor wretched son—he takes after his father; he isn't the least like me!—is weak; weak in his way of judging, weak in his way of acting, and, like all weak people, headstrong and unreasonable to the last degree. There is the truth! Don't get red and angry. I am as fond of him as you are. I can see his merits too. And one of them is that he has married a woman of spirit and resolution—so faithful and so fond of him that she won't even let his own mother tell her of his faults. Good child! I like you for hating me!"

"Dear madam, don't say that I hate you!" I exclaimed (feeling very much as if I did hate her, though, for all that!). "I only presume to think that you are confusing a delicate-minded man with a weak-minded man. Our dear unhappy Eustace—"

"Is a delicate-minded man," said the impenetrable Mrs. Macallan, finishing my sentence for me. "We will leave it there, my dear, and get on to another subject. I wonder whether we shall disagree about that too?"

"What is the subject, madam?"

"I won't tell you if you call me madam. Call me mother. Say, 'What is the subject, mother?'"

"What is the subject, mother?"

"Your notion of turning yourself into a Court of Appeal for a new Trial of Eustace, and forcing the world to pronounce a just verdict on him. Do you really mean to try it?"

"I do!"

Mrs. Macallan considered for a moment grimly with herself.

"You know how heartily I admire your courage, and your devotion to my unfortunate son," she said. "You know by this time that *I* don't cant. But I can not see you attempt to perform impossibilities; I can not let you uselessly risk your reputation and your happiness without warning you before it is too late. My child, the thing you have got it in your head to do is not to be done by you or by any body. Give it up."

"I am deeply obliged to you, Mrs. Macallan—"

"'Mother!'"

"I am deeply obliged to you, mother, for the interest that you take in me, but I can not give it up. Right or wrong, risk or no risk, I must and I will try it!"

Mrs. Macallan looked at me very attentively, and sighed to herself.

"Oh, youth, youth!" she said to herself, sadly. "What a grand thing it is to be young!" She controlled the rising regret, and turned on me suddenly, almost fiercely, with these words: "What, in God's name, do you mean to do?"

At the instant when she put the question the idea crossed my mind that Mrs. Macallan could introduce me, if she pleased, to Miserrimus Dexter. She must know him, and know him well, as a guest at Gleninch and an old friend of her son.

"I mean to consult Miserrimus Dexter," I answered, boldly.

Mrs. Macallan started back from me with a loud exclamation of surprise.

"Are you out of your senses?" she asked.

I told her, as I had told Major Fitz-David, that I had reason to think Mr. Dexter's advice might be of real assistance to me at starting.

"And I," rejoined Mrs. Macallan, "have reason to think that your whole project is a mad one, and that in asking Dexter's advice on it you appropriately consult a madman. You needn't start, child! There is no harm in the creature. I don't mean that he will attack you, or be rude to you. I only say that the last person whom a young woman, placed in your painful and delicate position, ought to associate herself with is Miserrimus Dexter."

Strange! Here was the major's warning repeated by Mrs. Macallan, almost in the major's own words. Well! It shared the fate of most warnings. It only made me more and more eager to have my own way.

"You surprise me very much," I said. "Mr. Dexter's evidence, given at the Trial, seems as clear and reasonable as evidence can be."

"Of course it is!" answered Mrs. Macallan. "The short-hand writers and reporters put his evidence into presentable language before they printed it. If you had heard what he really said, as I did, you would have been either very much disgusted with him or very much amused by him, according to your way of looking at things. He began, fairly enough, with a modest explanation of his absurd Christian name, which at once checked the merriment of the audience. But as he went on the mad side of him showed itself. He mixed up sense and nonsense in the strangest confusion: he was called to order over and over again; he was even threatened with fine and imprisonment for contempt of Court. In short, he was just like himself—a mixture of the strangest and the most opposite qualities; at one time perfectly clear and reasonable, as you said just now; at another breaking out into rhapsodies of the most outrageous kind, like a man in a state of delirium. A more entirely unfit person to advise any body, I tell you again, never lived. You don't expect Me to introduce you to him, I hope?"

"I did think of such a thing," I answered. "But after what you have said, dear Mrs. Macallan, I give up the idea of course. It is not a great sacrifice—it only obliges me to wait a week for Major Fitz-David's dinner-party. He has promised to ask Miserrimus Dexter to meet me."

"There is the major all over!" cried the old lady. "If you pin your faith on that man, I pity you. He is as slippery as an eel. I suppose you asked him to introduce you to Dexter?"

"Yes."

"Exactly! Dexter despises him, my dear. He knows as well as I do that Dexter won't go to his dinner. And he takes that roundabout way of keeping you apart, instead of saying No to you plainly, like an honest man."

This was bad news. But I was, as usual, too obstinate to own myself defeated.

"If the worst comes to the worst," I said, "I can but write to Mr. Dexter, and beg him to grant me an interview."

"And go to him by yourself, if he does grant it?" inquired Mrs. Macallan.

"Certainly. By myself."

"You really mean it?"

"I do indeed."

"I won't allow you to go by yourself."

"May I venture to ask, ma'am, how you propose to prevent me?"

"By going with you, to be sure, you obstinate hussy! Yes, yes—I can be as headstrong as you are when I like. Mind! I don't want to know what your plans are. I don't want to be mixed up with your plans. My son is resigned to the Scotch Verdict. I am resigned to the Scotch Verdict. It is you who won't let matters rest as they are. You are a vain and foolhardy young person. But, somehow, I have taken a liking to you, and I won't let you go to Miserrimus Dexter by yourself. Put on your bonnet!"

"Now?" I asked.

"Certainly! My carriage is at the door. And the sooner it's over the better I shall be pleased. Get ready—and be quick about it!"

I required no second bidding. In ten minutes more we were on our way to Miserrimus Dexter.

Such was the result of my mother-in-law's visit!

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—FIRST VIEW.

We had dawdled over our luncheon before Mrs. Macallan arrived at Benjamin's cottage. The ensuing conversation between the old lady and myself (of which I have only presented a brief abstract) lasted until quite late in the afternoon. The sun was setting in heavy clouds when we got into the carriage, and the autumn twilight began to fall round us while we were still on the road.

The direction in which we drove took us (as well as I could judge) toward the great northern suburb of London.

For more than an hour the carriage threaded its way through a dingy brick labyrinth of streets, growing smaller and smaller and dirtier and dirtier the farther we went. Emerging from the labyrinth, I noticed in the gathering darkness dreary patches of waste ground which seemed to be neither town nor country. Crossing these, we passed some forlorn outlying groups of houses with dim little scattered shops among them, looking like lost country villages wandering on the way to London, disfigured and smoke-dried already by their journey! Darker and darker and drearier and drearier the prospect grew, until the carriage stopped at last, and Mrs. Macallan announced, in her sharply satirical way, that we had reached the end of our journey. "Prince Dexter's Palace, my dear," she said. "What do you think of it?"

I looked round me, not knowing what to think of it, if the truth must be told.

We had got out of the carriage, and we were standing on a rough half-made gravel-path. Right and left of me, in the dim light, I saw the half-completed foundations of new houses in their first stage of existence. Boards and bricks were scattered about us. At places gaunt scaffolding poles rose like the branchless trees of the brick desert. Behind us, on the other side of the high-road, stretched another plot of waste ground, as yet not built on. Over the surface of this second desert the ghostly white figures of vagrant ducks gleamed at intervals in the mystic light. In front of us, at a distance of two hundred yards or so, as well as I could calculate, rose a black mass which gradually resolved itself, as my eyes became accustomed to the twilight, into a long, low, and ancient house, with a hedge of evergreens and a pitch-black paling in front of it. The footman led the way toward the paling through the boards and the bricks, the oyster shells and the broken crockery, that strewed the ground. And this was "Prince Dexter's Palace!"

There was a gate in the pitch-black paling, and a bell-handle—discovered with great difficulty. Pulling at the handle, the footman set in motion, to judge by the sound produced, a bell of prodigious size, fitter for a church than a house.

While we were waiting for admission, Mrs. Macallan pointed to the low dark line of the old building.

"There is one of his madnesses," she said. "The speculators in this new neighborhood have offered him I don't know how many thousand pounds for the ground that house stands on. It was originally the manor-house of the district. Dexter purchased it many years since in one of his freaks of fancy. He has no old family associations with the place; the walls are all but tumbling about his ears; and the money offered would really be of use to him. But no! He refused the proposal of the enterprising speculators by letter in these words: 'My house is a standing monument of the picturesque and beautiful, amidst the mean, dishonest, and groveling constructions of a mean, dishonest, and groveling age. I keep my house, gentlemen, as a useful lesson to you. Look at it while you are building round me, and blush, if you can, for your work.' Was there ever such an absurd letter written yet? Hush! I hear footsteps in the garden. Here comes his cousin. His cousin is a woman. I may as well tell you that, or you might mistake her for a man in the dark."

A rough deep voice, which I should certainly never have supposed to be the voice of a woman, hailed us from the inner side of the paling.

"Who's there?"

"Mrs. Macallan," answered my mother-in-law.

"What do you want?"

"We want to see Dexter."

"You can't see him."

"Why not?"

"What did you say your name was?"

"Macallan. Mrs. Macallan. Eustace Macallan's mother. *Now* do you understand?"

The voice muttered and grunted behind the paling, and a key turned in the lock of the gate.

Admitted to the garden, in the deep shadow of the shrubs, I could see nothing distinctly of the woman with the rough voice, except that she wore a man's hat. Closing the gate behind us, without a word of welcome or explanation, she led the way to the house. Mrs. Macallan followed her easily, knowing the place; and I walked in Mrs. Macallan's footsteps as closely as I could. "This is a nice family," my mother-in-law whispered to me. "Dexter's cousin is the only woman in the house—and Dexter's cousin is an idiot."

We entered a spacious hall with a low ceiling, dimly lit at its farther end by one small oil-lamp. I could see that there were pictures on the grim brown walls, but the subjects represented were invisible in the obscure and shadowy light.

Mrs. Macallan addressed herself to the speechless cousin with the man's hat.

"Now tell me," she said. "Why can't we see Dexter?"

The cousin took a sheet of paper off the table, and handed it to Mrs. Macallan.

"The Master's writing," said this strange creature, in a hoarse whisper, as if the bare idea of "the Master" terrified her. "Read it. And stay or go, which you please."

She opened an invisible side door in the wall, masked by one of the pictures—disappeared through it like a ghost—and left us together alone in the hall.

Mrs. Macallan approached the oil-lamp, and looked by its light at the sheet of paper which the woman had given to her. I followed and peeped over her shoulder without ceremony. The paper exhibited written characters, traced in a wonderfully large and firm handwriting. Had I caught the infection of madness in the air of the house? Or did I really see before me these words?

"Notice.—My immense imagination is at work. Visions of heroes unroll themselves before me. I reanimate in myself the spirits of the departed great. My brains are boiling in my head. Any persons who disturb me, under existing circumstances, will do it at the peril of their lives.—Dexter."

Mrs. Macallan looked round at me quietly with her sardonic smile.

"Do you still persist in wanting to be introduced to him?" she asked.

The mockery in the tone of the question roused my pride. I determined that I would not be the first to give way.

"Not if I am putting you in peril of your life, ma'am," I answered, pertly enough, pointing to the paper in her hand.

My mother-in-law returned to the hall table and put the paper back on it without condescending to reply. She then led the way to an arched recess on our right hand, beyond which I dimly discerned a broad flight of oaken stairs.

"Follow me," said Mrs. Macallan, mounting the stairs in the dark. "I know where to find him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among objects of interest lately received at the National Museum in Washington are thirty-six stone knives, with handles, obtained by Major Powell from the Pai-Utes. The blades are oblong-triangular, and oblong-tongue-shaped, acute, two or three inches in length, and so much resemble many of the so-called lance and arrow-heads in collections, that it becomes necessary to modify our views as to the latter articles. The handles are three to five inches long, and a notch half an inch deep at one end receives the stone, which is held in place by a tough pitch melted into the slit and around the joint, sinew being sometimes wrapped round in addition.

The report of General Myer, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, just made to the Secretary of War, is a document of unusual interest, containing an account of what has been done during the past year by the great establishment conducted by this officer.

The report opens with an account of the training school at Fort Whipple, at which details for the Signal Service are made after the attendants are thoroughly prepared and instructed in their duties, these including not only the use of meteorological instruments, but also military telegraphing and signaling.

The average cost of maintaining each station during the year is stated to be $516 56 exclusive of the cost of telegraphing reports. A not unimportant feature of the report consists in a descriptive account of each station, giving the latitude, longitude, mean atmospheric pressure, temperature, and mean rain-fall annually, with other points of interest. Among the most interesting of these stations are those situated on St. Michael and St. Paul islands, Alaska, recently established. The coldest temperature noted at the latter spot, which occurred in January, was eight degrees above zero; the warmest, in May, was fifty-two degrees. The greatest rainfall was in December, of 5.60 inches.

The whole number of Signal Service stations in the United States appears to be 125, to which are to be added five in the Hudson Bay Territory, established with the assistance of the Hudson Bay Company, at Fort Chippewayan, Cumberland House, York Factory, Fort Macpherson (on Peel's River), and Fort Simpson (on the Mackenzie). The West Indian stations are at Havana and Santiago de Cuba (in Cuba), Kingston (Jamaica), St. Thomas, Guadeloupe, and Barbadoes. Besides the stations in Hudson Bay Territory, there are others at Brockville, Ottawa, and Stayner, in Ontario; at Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island; Father Point, Quebec; and at Sydney, Cape Breton. There are also some twenty river stations in the Mississippi Valley for the purpose of recording the varying height of the water. The total force connected with the service at present is composed of 247 sergeants, corporals, and privates. The entire number of sheets of publications for the year, consisting of maps, bulletins, different kinds of press reports, weekly and monthly weather chronicles, etc., amounted to 4,494,320.

Rev. **William Henry Hawker**, of Petersfield, England, died, at the age of forty-six, on the 26th of May last. Mr. **Hawker** was well known as a collector of British birds and insects, as well as a botanist; and in the pursuit of his favorite studies he made various excursions in different parts of Europe. He was an active member of the Alpine Club, and in the *Alpine Journal* gave an account of his travels in Corsica in the spring of 1866, containing much matter of interest to naturalists.

The American Society of Paris proposes to hold an "International Congress of Americanists" at Nancy, near Paris, on the 22d of July, 1875, the object being to bring together those who are interested in the history of America prior to its discovery by **Columbus**, and in the interpretation of the monuments and of the ethnology of the native races of the New World. An exhibition of American archæology is to be held at the same time. Any one can be enrolled as a member of the congress by forwarding the sum of twelve francs to Mr. **Lucien Adam**, secretary of the American Society, Rue Bonaparte, in Paris.

The death of Dr. **Emil Maximilian Dingler**, at Augsburg, on the 19th of October, has just been announced. This gentleman was well known as the editor for many years of the celebrated *Dingler's Polytechnic Journal*, in Germany, devoted to technology, practical chemistry, and other allied subjects.

A series of experiments has lately been made by the Russian government with reference to the use of electricity for the head-light of locomotives, a battery of forty-eight elements making every thing distinct on the railway track to a distance of over 1300 feet.

Mr. C. F. **Tyrwhite-Drake** died on the 23d of June last, at Jerusalem, of overwork and exposure while a member of the Palestine Exploration Society, with which he had been connected for some time. He was a companion of Professor **Palmer** in prosecuting his explorations in Sinai, published under the title of *The Wilderness Wanderings*, and in a subsequent excursion through the same country he added much to our knowledge of the region.

A party which has been engaged in securing a series of accurate levels for the purpose of determining the respective heights of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian Sea has ascertained that the Aral is 250 feet above the Caspian and 165 feet above the sea-level. As previous calculations had made the difference between the Aral and the Caspian seas 117 feet only, the question arises whether this surprising increase is due to the rise of the waters of the Aral or to the depression of those of the Caspian.

The decease has just been announced of Commander R. M. **Sperling**, of the Royal Navy, and an active member of the British Ornithologists' Union. Among the papers published by him were *An Ornithologist's Cruise in the Mediterranean*, and papers on the *Procellariidæ of the Coast of Africa*.

Pietra Santa, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, takes occasion to contest the doctrine of the incurability of pulmonary disease, which in his opinion is an affection essentially general and constitutional, an alteration of the function of nutrition, and a disease of the blood. While there is no panacea for this affection, he thinks that many cases may be greatly alleviated, and, indeed, entirely cured, by following a rational treatment. This consists in the intelligent and reasonable use of sundry medicaments, of which experiment and clinical observation have shown the efficiency, and which may be summed up in the following precepts:

First, in all periods of the disease the assistance is to be invoked of suitable hygienic and moral treatment, a pure atmosphere, a tonic diet, moderate exercise, and the use of milk for food. Second, the administration of certain mineral waters. Third, a salutary change of place and of migration, always into southern temperate regions during winter, and to mountainous countries in the summer. Fourth, the use of hyposulphites and the alkaline sulphites for the treatment of the tuberculous matter developed in the lungs. Fifth, calling into play numerous agencies of general therapeutics, when they can be employed to meet the various complications connected with each period of the disease.

It is proposed to call an international council on geographical science, to meet in Paris in the spring of 1875, to last eight days, and to be accompanied by an exhibition of objects relating to geographical matters. Prizes will be given for the articles judged worthy of receiving them. A circular has just been issued containing the form of application for membership and for the space required to exhibit articles; it is to be specified whether the space be table surface or wall surface, or for objects in the open air.

The deliberations of the congress and the exhibition of the groups will relate, first, to mathematics; second, to hydrography; third, to physics; fourth, to history; fifth, to economical geography; sixth, to instruction and education; and seventh, to voyaging and travel generally.

Baron **Reille** is the commissary-general, and can be addressed at 10 Boulevard Latour-Maubury, Paris.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY.

Friday,	1.—Circumcision.
Wednesday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	10.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	17.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	24.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	31.—Sexagesima Sunday.

Mr. **Gladstone**'s pamphlet has been translated into French and Welsh. A sixpenny edition of it has been issued; of the costlier edition the sales continue to be unprecedentedly large. The debate over it still occupies a large part of the space of the London *Times*. In the number of November 24 the letters on both sides of the question filled an entire page of that paper. The Catholic Union of Great Britain, at the head of which is the Duke of Norfolk, has announced that its members accept the Vatican Decrees, but that their position and duties with regard to the civil power are not affected thereby. The **O'Donoghue** also has a word to say, and protests that his submission to papal authority involves the faithful discharge of his duty as a subject of the Queen. Lord **Acton** has written another letter to the *Times*, in which he justifies from church history all he has said of former popes. Mr. **Martin A. Shee** declares that he has no evidence to convince him, as a Catholic, that the doctrine of papal infallibility was ever legally proclaimed by the Council. Archbishop **Manning**'s secretary, Mr. **Johnson**, replies to him, and undertakes to show the contrary. Sir **George Bowyer**, Mr. **Ambrose De Lisle**, and Lord **Arundel** of Wardour have written letters, in which they decline to accept Monsignor **Capel**'s exposition of the Pope's relation to the state. It will be remembered that the Monsignor laid down the broad proposition that "the ecclesiastical power is superior to the civil, and defines the limits of the one and the other." Lord **Robert Montagu** makes a reply to Mr. **Gladstone**, which he calls *Expostulation in Extremis*. He asserts that the Pope must have full power to depose princes. Bishop **Ullathorne**, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Birmingham, has issued a pastoral, in which he unsparingly denounces Mr. **Gladstone**. He, however, incidentally bears personal testimony to an important fact. "During the sitting of the Vatican Council," he says, "Mr. **Gladstone**, being then Prime Minister, wrote a letter to an intimate friend, who was a Catholic, that if the Church invaded the civil sphere she must expect the law of retaliation." Of course the reply, made from a high quarter, was that there was no intention of invading the civil sphere. But the story proves that the Church had fair warning of what was certain to come.

The Commissions of the General Assemblies of the State and Free Churches of Scotland met in Edinburgh November 18. The Established Church Commission took up the subject of union. Lord **Polwarth** submitted a committee report recommending to the Assembly to make proposals of union to the Free Church. Sir **Robert Anstruther** moved "that the Commission receive with the greatest satisfaction the communication made by the Committee on Union, and resolve to record the same on their minutes." This motion was carried.

In the Commission of the Free Church Sir **Henry Moncrieff** read a communication from the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church asking for the appointment of a committee to confer on the subject of the union of the two bodies. The committee was appointed. Dr. **Rainy** submitted the report of the Church Patronage Committee, and moved a series of resolutions declaring that the Free Church has attained a position it is not prepared to abandon, and that "the existing connection between church and state in Scotland is upheld on an unscriptural and inequitable basis, and that consequently its termination is an essential preliminary toward a satisfactory re-adjustment of Scottish ecclesiastical arrangements, which re-adjustment is the common interest of all Presbyterian bodies holding the Westminster Confession of Faith." The resolutions were adopted by a vote of 116 to 33.

Mr. **Moody**'s great and successful meetings in Dublin closed with a convention of ministers from all parts of Ireland. A thousand were said to be present. The first topic discussed was, "Praise and Thanksgiving;" the second, "How are the masses to be reached?" the third, "What can be done to extend the Lord's work throughout Ireland?" All the Protestant bodies of Ireland were represented in the addresses. The number of persons attending Mr. **Moody**'s services in Dublin has been estimated at 20,000 on several occasions.

The liberals of the French Protestant Church have determined to call the attention of the Assembly to the decision of the Minister of Public Worship against them. They number 350,000, and are represented by numerous Deputies in that body. According to the minister's decision, they can not vote in the consistories without first subscribing to the orthodox profession of faith, nor can they organize separately without surrendering their present relation to the state.

At the General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut, which met recently at Bridgeport, a resolution was passed declaring that the Conference recommended, on account of the increasing weakness of some of the churches within its limits, "the adoption of such a catholic and Scriptural statement of religious belief, to be used in the admission of members to the Church, that no true Christians within the parish limits will be excluded from the privileges and duties of church membership on the one hand, nor excuse furnished for refusal to enter upon church relations on account of rigid and objectionable doctrinal statements on the other hand."

A bill has been brought before the Reichsrath of Austria to regulate the position in the state of Old Catholics. At present, it was said, they neither belong to the Catholic Church nor form a Church of their own. The bill was sent to the permanent Ecclesiastical Committee of the House to report upon.

The Hessian Parliament has passed ecclesiastical laws similar to those of Prussia. There are five in all, and they are of the following scope: (1) Fixing the legal position of the Church and religious communities; (2) against the abuse of spiritual authority; (3) respecting the education and appointment of the clergy; (4) for regulation of the monastic orders; (5) on the self-taxation of ecclesiastical communities. These measures all passed the Parliament by large majorities.

The Memphis *Baptist* estimates that in one year four associations and 26,778 members of Baptist churches have gone over "to the loose side" of the communion question. It gives as ministers, who either practice open communion or are in favor of it, the names of **J. Hyatt Smith**, Dr. **Robinson** (President of Brown University), Dr. **Jeffrey**, Dr. **Thomas**, Dr. **Galusha Anderson**, Elder **Walsh**, **J. B. Cleavers**, Dr. **Reeves Bridgeman**, of Albany, Dr. **Caswell**, of Providence, **H. M. Gallagher**, **C. H. Malcom**, of Newport, **George Dana Boardman**, of Philadelphia, the two **Pentecosts**, and Dr. **Olmstead** (senior editor of the *Watchman and Reflector*); and half a score of other names are mentioned as believing, but not quite ready to confess openly.

It should be said in justice to the Memphis *Baptist* that it greatly bewails these defections.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Not many years ago no spot in our great metropolis presented a more utterly wretched and forbidding aspect than that known as the Five Points. It was notorious for its filthy streets, its miserable tenements, and its squalid inhabitants, who made the locality hideous with drunken brawls and open vice of every name. The place was scarcely safe for a respectable person to visit by daylight, much less to enter after dark. The marked change in the whole aspect of the vicinity had its beginning years ago in the Five Points Mission and House of Industry. The influence of missionary establishments in their very midst has wonderfully improved the tone of morals among the inhabitants. The opening of new streets, the destruction of wretched buildings, and the erection of good houses, the general cleansing of streets and gutters, the abundant light in the night-time—all these have proved powerful agencies in changing the character of the Five Points. Recently a small "park" has been completed opposite the Mission and House of Industry. It is not ornamented with shrubbery, but is surrounded by large ornamental lamps, and at one end there is a fountain. This little "park" will afford the people a pleasant sight, and one to which they have been unaccustomed. It is a wise addition to the Five Points.

A traveler in Russia speaks of the serfs as seeming hopelessly ignorant. Their faces have a vacant look; many of those in cities have no homes, but sleep wherever they can find a resting-place, and go half clad. This traveler says:

"I have not seen a school-house in the whole of Russia. I am told there are some charitable schools, but, as we understand the word, there are no means of public education for the people."

Cremation has again been performed at Dresden, in the same furnace in which the body of Lady Dilke was consumed. The body was that of the wife of a German physician. The hall around the furnace was decorated with flowers. No clergyman could be found to take part in the ceremony, so the proprietor of the furnace delivered a brief address. The process of cremation was screened from the eyes of friends by an iron door, but was witnessed by a few scientific men.

Diphtheria, according to the report of the Sanitary Committee of the Board of Health, is caused by the inoculation of the air-passages with the diphtheritic poison, which, from this point, infects the whole system; the local inflammation is attended with the formation of membrane (exudation); the fever and general symptoms are the result of this local infection. It is a contagious disease, induced by contact with objects and persons infected. In ordinary cases the poison begins to act as soon as it lodges upon the tissues, but produces only slight effects for a few days. Afterward there is great prostration, dryness of the throat, pain in swallowing, the glands swell, and the throat becomes red, with patches of white. If the symptoms do not subside after a few days, the local inflammation increases, and exudation rapidly follows.

A resident of Louisville sends the following earnest inquiry to the New York *Ledger*:

"Please inform a constant reader and admirer of your valuable paper as to the origin or author of the sentence, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

And the *Ledger* makes reply thus:

"This phrase has passed into currency in English from the writings of one Paul, commonly known as 'the apostle,' and sometimes called St. Paul. It is found in the first of two letters he wrote to the 'Corinthians.' His entire works have often been reprinted by the Bible Societies and others, along with other writings, in a volume known as 'The Bible.' Paul, who was a good scholar, quoted the words in Greek from the poet Menander, and so gave his sanction to whatever is good and true even in heathen literature. Find it for yourself, and read the whole book."

The rumor which was circulated not long ago concerning an alarming illness of Queen Victoria originated in a singular circumstance. The editor of a certain London newspaper had in his office a biography of the Queen, which was written some ten years ago. He thought it desirable that it should be "revised and corrected," and accordingly it was given to one of the staff for this purpose. The editor, thinking he would like to see the article in print, gave it out to be set up. Some one happened to see the solemn and affecting announcement with which it opened, and the melancholy intelligence quickly was disseminated; and a "London correspondent" spread it all over the country.

The Empress of Russia will remain at San Remo until Christmas, and will spend the remainder of the winter at Florence and Rome. After her departure from London it was stated that her illness while there was typhoid fever of a severe though not dangerous type, and that her departure was hastened by the imperative orders of her private physician, who believed the London fogs to stand seriously in the way of her speedy recovery.

Imagination produces some very curious effects, as we all know. It is often the cause of serious disturbances of health. At a recent meeting of the Paris Académie des Sciences, a letter was read from M. Volpicelli, of Rome, which contained some interesting illustrations of this fact. M. Volpicelli having been informed by a Roman physician that a magnet brought near a nervous patient produced marked effects upon him, practiced a little *ruse*. Instead of taking a magnet, he provided himself with a piece of unmagnetized iron, and the patient scarcely saw it before he fell into convulsions. A magnet was placed in the hands of another nervous patient, who immediately became much excited. But when powerful magnets were introduced into his chair and the table before him, without his knowledge, his nerves were not in the least affected, and he engaged in conversation and attended to business, asserting that he felt very well.

The unsatisfactory light frequently given by kerosene lamps is often due to the wick. The filtering of several quarts of oil through a wick, which stops every particle of dust in it, must, of course, gradually obstruct the pores of the wick. Consequently, although a wick may be long enough to last some time, its conducting power may be so impaired that a good light can not be obtained.

Among the useful insects exhibited at the Palais d'Industrie at Paris during September and October were the silk-producing insects and those producing honey and wax, including the honey-bearing ants of Mexico; edible insects, including the Mexican water-bug, whose eggs are made into bread, the edible caterpillar, with many species of locusts, crickets, grasshoppers, ants, and spiders; cantharides and insects used by physicians; the cochineal, gall, and many of like utility; and phosphorescent insects, used for purposes of ornament.

In a recent physiological work a very simple method of ventilating sleeping-rooms is mentioned, which is said to prevent a draught from being felt—an inconvenience often experienced when rooms are ventilated by the windows. A piece of wood, three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draught, will enter and leave the room.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There is nothing like dressing your local items in rhetorical finery, even if you do have to come to plain English at the end. See an example: an Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got upon the roof and dashed them out with a pail of water."

"A splendid ear, but a very poor voice," as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

A sure sign of an early spring is a cat watching a hole in the wall with her back up.

There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to the man that is so fortunate as to have a good wife.

The moon seems the most unsteady of all celestial luminaries: she is continually shifting her quarters.

"How are you, count?" said a noted wag to a spruce-looking specimen of the genus snob. "Sir!" exclaimed the indignant swell, "who are you, and why do you call me a count?" "Why, I saw you counting oysters last week, and I supposed you were of royal blood." Snob vamosed.

A Norfolk hen laid ninety-two eggs in as many days. She tried to become the author of ninety-three, but Victor Hugo is still one ahead.

WHY DIGGEST THOU?

"Old man! old man! for whom dig'st thou this grave?"
I asked as I walked along;
For I saw in heart of New York streets
A dark and busy throng.

'Twas a strange, wild deed! but a wilder wish
Of the parted soul, to lie
'Midst the troubled numbers of living men
Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, for whom dig'st thou this grave,
In the heart of New York town?"
And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied,
"We're laying a gas-pipe down."

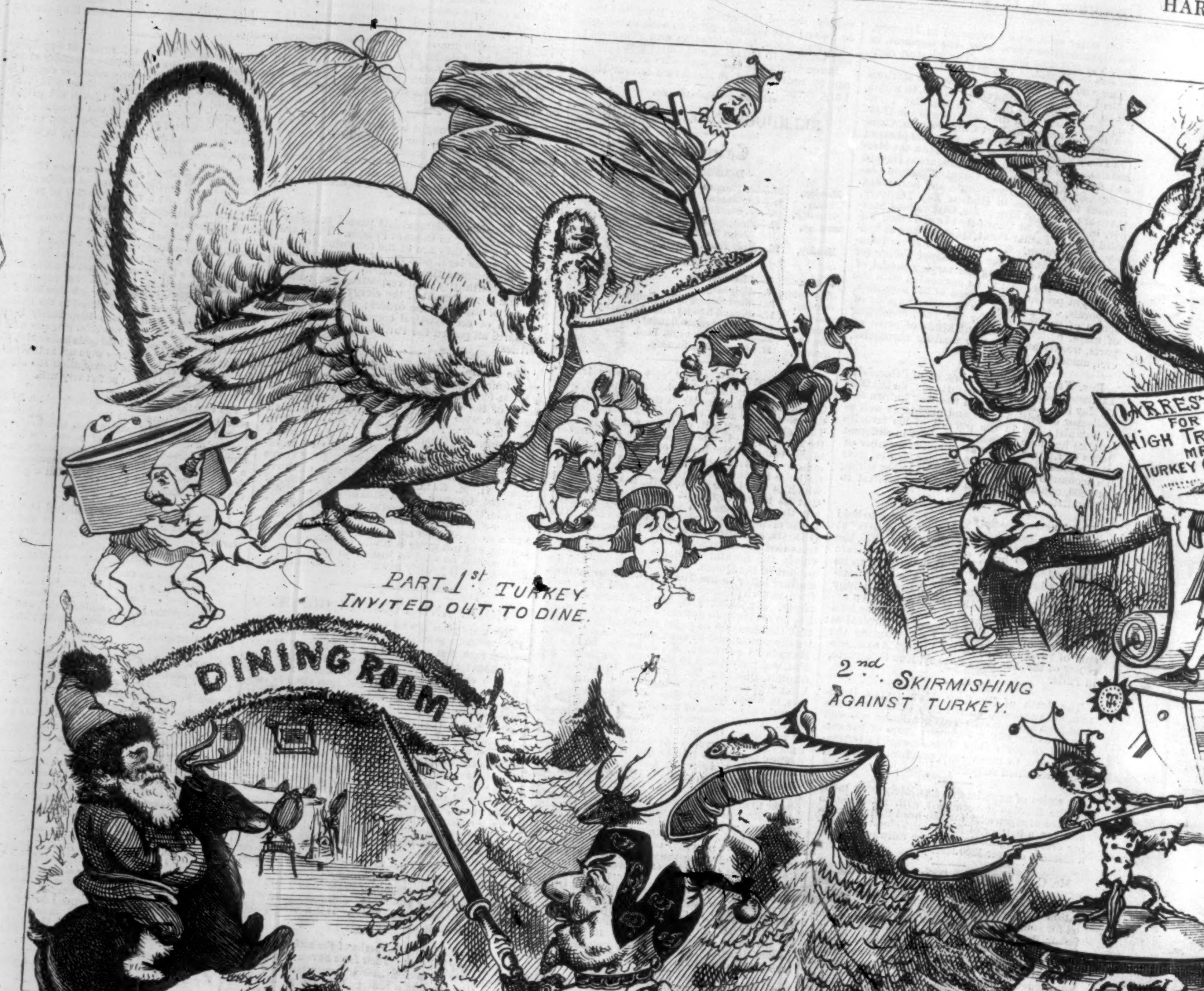
Yankees are universally *allowed* to be unexcelled in asking questions, but unite Irish loquacity with Yankee interrogation and the cup is full. A girl of Irish descent, but raised in Vermont, was rebuked by the lady with whom she was living for her interminable propensity to ask questions. Closing the rebuke, the lady remarked, "You beat the Jews to ask questions." When, true to nature, the girl replied, "Do the Jews ask many questions?"

"I require," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscot, "but three things to make me happy." "What is the first?" inquired a searcher after wisdom. "Tobacco," was the reply. "What is the second?" "Rum." "Well, what is the third?" "Why," said the philosopher, "a little more rum."

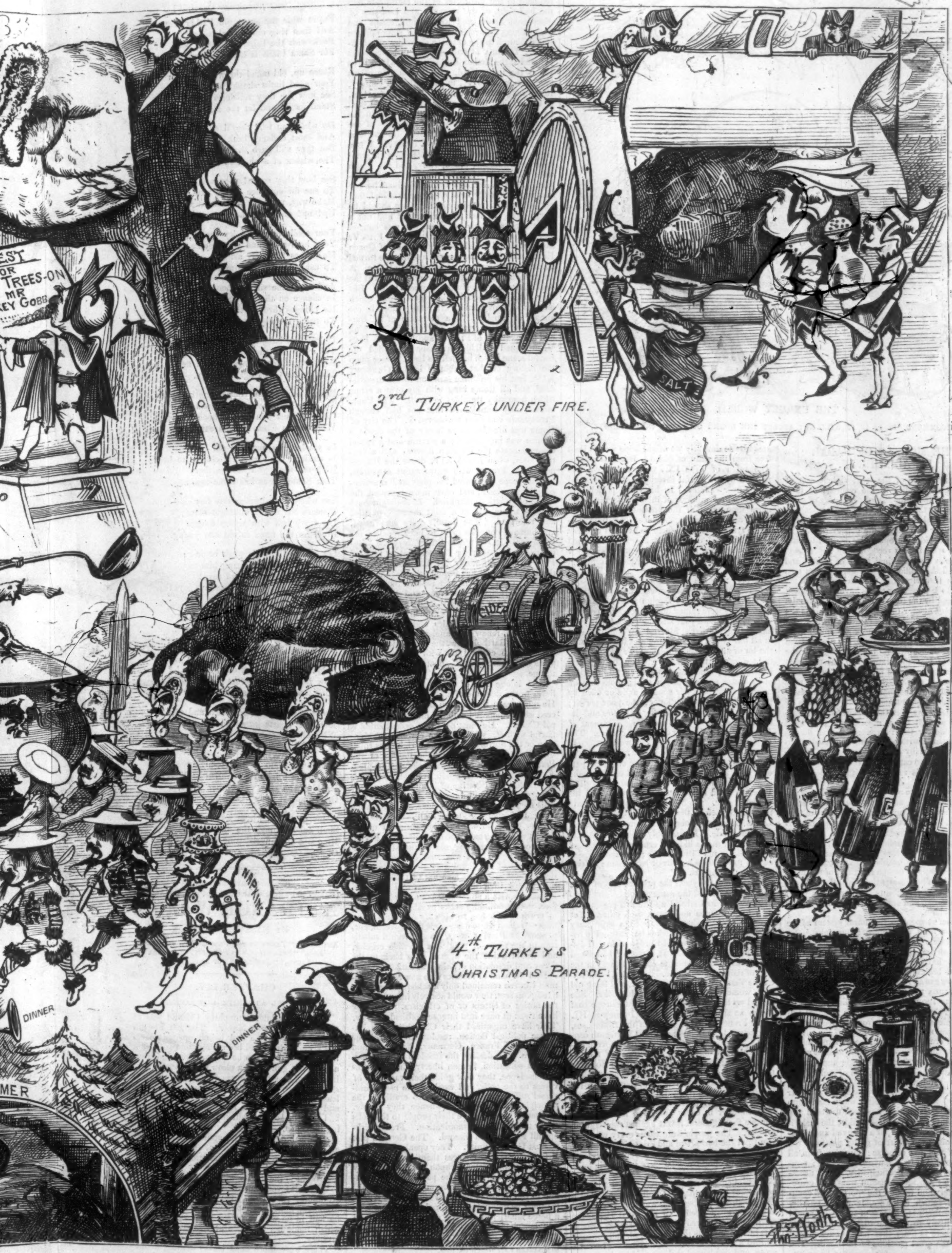
In what vehicle did the man ride who was driven frantic? When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him dizzy? If all things are for the best, where do the rations for the second best come from? What is the exact width of a broad grin?

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes note even of a straw—especially if there's a sherry-cobbler at the end of it.

The lady whose peace of mind was broken intends to have it repaired.


PART 1st TURKEY INVITED OUT TO DINE.
2nd. SKIRMISHING AGAINST TURKEY.
ARREST
FOR
HIGH TR
MR
TURKEY
DINING ROOM
SANTA CLAUS. I AM JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER.
WELCOME ALL TO DINNER
DINNER
DINNER
DINNER
THE DREAMER
5th TURKEYS GUESTS.

A DREAM OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER, IN F


EST
FOR
TREES-ON
MR
KEY GOBB
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SALT
CIDER
NAPKINS
4th TURKEYS
CHRISTMAS PARADE.
DINNER
DINNER
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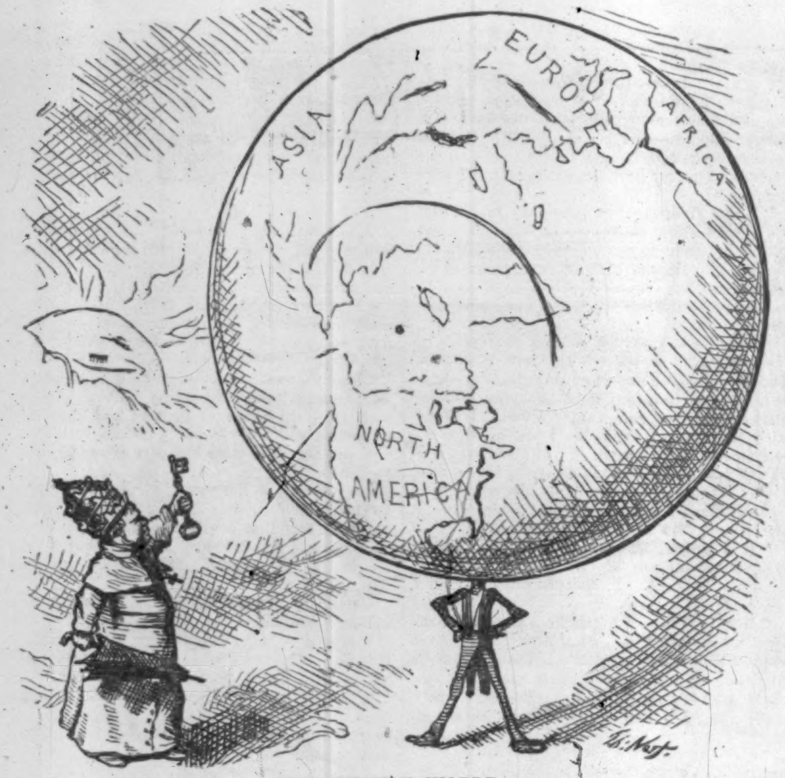
MINCE
Thos Worth

NER, IN FIVE PARTS.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]



THE UNRULY WORLD.

"EXCOMMUNICATE IT IF IT WILL NOT ACCEPT THE DOGMA OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY."

THE MORALS OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

The prevalence of the most violent sect of the Roman Catholics in the councils of their Church, and the enforcing of the theory of papal infallibility by the sentence of excommunication, make it desirable for all heretics to know what must be their fate should the papacy recover its control of Middle Europe or be enabled to punish those who fail to recognize its supremacy. The Pope is now the final judge of morals and faith to all the millions of the human race who admit his authority, and the decisions and the acts of all the preceding popes have been ratified and adopted by the Roman Church as the results of the direct agency of inspiration. This is the doctrine upon which Dr. Manning insists, and which all his devout followers are compelled to accept. The papacy, he asserts, has always been infallible. There was no pope through all the long line of Roman bishops who has not been the proper guide of the human race in forming the characters of Christians. Protestants may lament and avow the many errors of their early teachers, philosophers may discern the follies of their predecessors, but the papacy is unchangeable, and all that it has done in the past must be its guide for the future. Whoever doubts this is pursued with such terrible maledictions as must necessarily affright the least timid Romanist; whoever carries out the doctrine to its extreme results is rewarded with the boundless bliss of paradise. And it may be well to examine, therefore, to what this extraordinary fanaticism may lead, and what must be its effect upon the morals of mankind. For this we turn to history. There is no doubt as to what morals the popes have inculcated in the past both by precept and example, nor of their influence upon the manners of their contemporaries. Nor does Dr. Manning or his American associates desire apparently to escape from any of the most repulsive and fatal results that have flowed from the doctrine of infallibility. They admit them all with a smile, and entertain their theory without a deduction.

The chief element in the moral system of the papacy has been its intense inhumanity. No temporal rulers or civil governments have ever devised such measures of fearful and wide-spread cruelty as have come from the diseased and disordered brains of the popes of Rome. The Plantagenets and Tudors were merciful, Nero and Caligula tolerant, compared with the authors of the Inquisition and the disciples of the Jesuits. The source of all modern progress and the slow elevation of men from barbarism has been the common desire to throw off the savage element of cruelty. The offenses against human life and personal security are those against which all civilized governments struggle incessantly. It is to banish the very conception of murder that philanthropy labors, that knowledge is spread, and that all society toils onward toward a higher form of existence. To drag it down again into the excesses of barbarism has been the fatal aim of the infallible popes. Born amidst the malarious atmosphere of Rome, of a decayed and blasted race; often the sport of guilty passions, the victims of undying remorse; shut out from all liberal knowledge by a narrow education; temporal rulers of a petty principality, whose necessities drove them into constant wars and ceaseless chicanery and fraud; the sport of bad counselors and selfish followers, ignorant, puerile, passionate—there is no class of men who would seem less likely to be able to teach a humane morality, there is none that has so excited and kept alive the cruel passions of mankind. The present Pope is sometimes thought to be an exception to the general traits of his order. He whose feet Dr. Manning and our American prelates kiss so devoutly we might hope was at least free from the stain of blood. But it is not so. The reign of Pius IX., we are assured, was marked by a frightful severity that no temporal power ever equaled. In his small principality of about three millions of inhabitants, not much more than one-half the present population of New York, murder, rapine, bloodshed, imprisonment, tyranny of every form and crimes of every grade, shocked the boldest heart and touched every conscience but that of monk or priest. I quote from the appeal of the people of Romagna to Pius IX. in the year 1857:* "Holy Father," they cry, "in the year 1850 you accomplished your return to Rome, and re-established your government by the aid of foreign arms; but what misfortunes were rained down upon your people!—perhaps without your knowledge, but all in your name, Holy Father. Martial law was declared in all our cities, and shooting and blows became the lot of all ages and ranks. The prisons were full; a large army was fastened on the impoverished people; innocent men were shot down without a cause and scarcely a trial; thousands of mothers wept for their sons in exile or dead by the hand of the executioner; the poor perish; assassins and brigands plunder our cities and destroy our peace." Such was the government of Pius IX. in 1857. Nor did it ever change. The Inquisition was revived, and men were thrown in prison for blaspheming the Virgin and the saints. Rome was a city of sorrow, where countless parents wept in secret over their dead children, and cowered before the rage of the papal court. The Pope persisted in a vain attempt to defend his temporal rule. At Mentana the youth of Italy fell thickly before the French Chassepôts, and Louis Napoleon obeyed the mandate of his spiritual guide. It was only when Louis Napoleon fell that a hideous cruelty was banished from the Eternal City, and the papal government ceased to teach its lessons of barbarism and tyranny to the nations.

For a thousand years the predecessors of Pius IX. had inculcated the same principles and practices. They had stirred up the evil passions of men to prey upon and waste each other. Yet Gregory VII., when he claimed a supremacy over all the civil powers, when he ventured to dethrone an emperor and fill Europe with civil discord, began, no doubt, that career of bloodshed which has made Rome the chief obstacle in the path of rising refinement and humanity. She filled the Vaudois valleys with horror, and flung old men, women, and children from the rocks. She stirred up the Crusades, and taught Europe that it was no sin to kill a heretic. Innocent III. drove France to the massacre of the Albigenses, and founded the Inquisition in the thirteenth century. The fourteenth and the fifteenth were filled with the madness and the crimes of the papal court. From Innocent III. to the Borgias the transition was appropriate. The fate of Huss and Jerome, the deeds of the Spanish Inquisition, the haughty bearing, the immoral lives, of the popes of Avignon and Rome, made honest men shudder in every land, and had prepared Europe for a general revolt against the reign of cruelty. The people were eager every where to rise from the barbarism and crime inculcated by the infallible popes; the popes were as resolute to suffer no one to escape alive from their toils. At last the Reformation came, and the two opposing impulses in society were arrayed against each other in open day. In all Protestant lands the principle of persecution was at first softened and then abandoned. In all papal lands the spirit of cruelty raged with new intensity. Spain was racked anew by the Inquisition, and converted into a den of murderous madmen. Loyola arose, and condensed the spirit of his barbarous age and land into that famous company whose lurid track across the path of modern society is redolent of the memories of the auto-da-fe and the bull-fight, of the brigands and assassins of disordered Spain, and whose rigid tenets and overweening influence have at last subjected the Papal Church to the extreme doctrines of infallibility. Loyola at once—so his disciples boast—founded the Roman Inquisition, of which Pius IX. is the living head. Under the rule of his predecessor, Pius V., in the sixteenth century, Rome rang with the cries of perishing martyrs, or caught their hymns of joy; and Loyola, had he lived, would have heard with exultation the groans and dying plaints of the victims of the fearful institution he had founded. It was thus that Rome taught its lesson of cruelty. While England, Germany, and the North became comparatively humane, Spain, Italy, and the South were filled with brigands, assassins, and inquisitors. Pius V. declared that an obstinate heretic was worse than the most hardened criminal, that not one should be spared, that they should be swept from the face of the earth;* and not a day passed at Rome but some one was hanged and quartered for his Lutheran faith.† Pius V. sanctioned and urged the assassination of Queen Elizabeth,‡ and the assassins of the age turned naturally for comfort and guidance to Rome. A universal horror filled the Northern capitals at the deeds that were done in the Southern lands. But they were surpassed by the signal crime which has made France and Paris conspicuous in the annals of cruelty. The massacre of St. Bartholomew sprang naturally from the teaching and the example of Pius V. and Loyola. Pius V. prompted and his successor applauded the fearful scene which has left its lasting trace upon the history of that unhappy land. Gregory XIII. lent his infallible sanction to the dreadful deed, and all Rome rang with joy over a crime which humanity trembles to recall. The Pope, indeed, only complained that not half enough Protestants had been massacred.§ The city of Rome was illuminated in honor of the deed; a jubilee was proclaimed; a picture and a medal commemorate the Parisian horror; and a century later, when Louis XIV. drove the Huguenots from France with extravagant atrocities, another pope celebrated his piety and sanctioned all his crimes, and once more repeated the lesson of cruelty to mankind. In the eighteenth century Rome was in a faint measure purified and reformed. The Jesuits were suppressed, and humane counsels seem to have reached the papal ear. In the nineteenth century the Jesuits have been restored; the persecuting rage of Pius V. and Innocent III. has been revived; the Papal Church has become the harbinger of discord to the nations, and repeats its dreadful lesson of cruelty in Germany and New York. It is the Church of Pius V. and Innocent III. which now rises, horrible as antichrist, amidst the stormy sea of modern politics, and hopes to crush liberty and renew the ancient tyranny of the days of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, or the Crusades, to cover Italy with desolation, and place once more Pius IX. upon his blood-stained throne.

Such is one kind of teaching which every believer in the doctrine of infallibility must accept. He must learn that human life is no longer sacred when compared with the interests of the Papal Church. He must hold that assassination is lawful with Pius V., and the carnage of Mentana or the horrors of Bologna a righteous thing with Pius IX. He adopts the morals of the Patagonian or the Modoc, and the past or present condition of Italy, Spain, Ireland, or France proves that this doctrine of infallibility produces every where its natural result. Wherever it prevails men sink back into savages, and within the element of cruelty is included all other vices and crimes. He who has lost the sentiment of humanity will pause before no other offense. Fraud, treachery, rage, cunning, are the usual traits of blind fanaticism. It was said of some of the most cruel of the inquisitors that they seemed the gentlest and most pleasing of men, yet that they struck their foe in secrecy, and surveyed his torture with a smile. It is no wonder, therefore, that infallibility seeks to silence the press, to crush knowledge, to hide its own acts in an impenetrable veil, to destroy all free government, to subject all civil powers, since it would substitute in the place of religion a horrible cruelty, and would guide the human race back to the decay and desolation of primeval barbarism.

Had the band of fanatics who now rule the Roman Church remained only a school of theology, a religious sect, they would scarcely have deserved the notice of letters or of criticism. But they have risen at once into intense political activity. They have organized their Church into an immense political faction, resolute to control the elections of France, Germany, England, and America. To destroy the freedom of the press, general education, human liberty, the privileges of conscience, they now guide their vast host of voters to the polls, and would make use of universal suffrage and free speech to eradicate the principles of liberty from whence they spring. Our papal bishops drive their people to the polls under threat of excommunication. French bishops fill France with discord. The German plot against German unity. They openly foster war. Prince Bismarck charges them with the guilt of Kullmann's attempt upon his life, and they can scarcely deny it. The papal lesson of undying cruelty has already borne its natural fruit, and in the future elections of Europe and America must be determined the final struggle between a fierce fanaticism and the rise of humanity and a higher civilization.

Eugene Lawrence.

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* *Italy in Transition*, p. 428, gives the appeal which I abridge.

* Pius V. to Catherine de Medici, April 13, 1569; to Charles IX., March 28, 1569.

† So says the Capuchin Pistoja, Cantù ii. 410.

‡ *Correspondance de Philippe II.*, ii. 186.

§ Gregory urged Charles to complete the massacre. See Strype, *Life of Parker*, iii. 197.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING.

[See Illustration on Page 1064.]

Fling wide the gates, old Father Time,
And then ring out a Christmas chime;
Back with the bolts, unbar the door,
For Santa Claus is here once more.

Rouse up, old man! throw down your scythe;
Your aged limbs should be more lithe;
See how the fiery reindeers prance!
Stand back! and let the steeds advance.

Do what you will, they'll still pass through,
And snort defiance back at you;
But they will curb their fiery speed
The wishes of a child to heed.

See how they come! they will not wait
To sue for entrance at the gate;
Make way, nor give them need to pause—
Up! up! and welcome Santa Claus.

Your senile form and icy breath,
Your hour-glass and your scythe of death,
He pushes fearlessly aside,
To usher in the Christmas-tide.

And while the silvery moon looks down
In silence on the sleeping town,
He plunges through the frosty air
To reach the objects of his care.

Unlock the bars, ring out the bells,
Till every one the story tells,
And spread the tidings far and near
That Santa Claus again is here.

Renew your youth, your strength employ,
To spread the news of Christmas joy;
Old age must join in childhood's mirth
When Santa Claus revisits earth.

In yonder city many an ear
Is strained the Christmas chimes to hear;
Ring out the joyful tidings, then,
That Santa Claus has come again.

See where the sleeping city lies
Beneath the dusky midnight skies;
Let every bell with joyous tongue
Proclaim the news to old and young.

Let Santa Claus his work begin;
With merry welcome ring him in;
Behold the loaded car of toys!
Behold the wealth of Christmas joys!

He cares not for your sneering frown,
But from his airy height smiles down,
And sees beyond your visage grim
The little eyes that dream of him.

Look up! your heavy brow above
Behold the saint that children love!
How innocent and sweet the joy
Your weary hour-glass will destroy!

Beneath your withered touch and cold
The little hearts grow sad and old;
With bitter words and sneering speech
A painful lesson you will teach.

But Santa Claus is king to-night;
The air is bright with Christmas light;
He bids you ring, old Father Time,
Once more a merry Christmas chime—

A merry chime, whose joyous sound
Shall echo through the air around.
Ring out the angels' song again
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men!"

(Continued from No. 938, page 1058.)

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A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LIV.

"A SOUL AS WHITE AS HEAVEN."

Two hours later Humphrey Clissold was at the gate of Penwyn Manor. The girl Elspeth admitted him. She had bound up her coarse black hair, which had been rough and wild as a mustang's mane when he last saw her, and wore a neat stuff gown and a clean white muslin cap, instead of the picturesque half-gypsy costume she had worn on that former occasion. This at least was a concession to Mrs. Penwyn's tastes, and argued that even Elspeth's impish nature had been at last brought under Madge's softening influence.

"Any thing amiss with your grandmother?" asked Humphrey, surprised at not seeing that specimen of the Meg Merrilies tribe.

"Yes, Sir, she's very ill."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Bilious fever," answered the girl, curtly, and Humphrey passed on. He had no leisure now to concern himself about Rebecca Mason, though he had in no wise forgotten those curious facts which made her presence at Penwyn Manor a mystery.

There were more dead leaves drifting about than on his last visit, and the advance of autumn had made itself obvious in decay which all the industry of gardeners could not conceal.

The pine groves were strewn with fallen cones. The chestnuts were dropping their green balls; the chrysanthemums and China-asters had a ragged look; the glory of the geranium tribe was over; and even those combinations of color which modern gardeners contrive from flowerless plants seemed to lose all glow and brightness under the dull gray sky. To Humphrey's mind, knowing that he was a messenger of trouble, the Manor-house had a gloomy look.

He asked to see the Squire, and was ushered at once into the library, a large room which Churchill had built. It was lighted from the top by a large ground-glass dome, and was lined from floor to ceiling with book-cases of ebonized wood, relieved with narrow lines of gold. In each of the four angles stood a pedestal of dark green serpentine, surmounted by a marble bust—Dante, Shakspeare, Voltaire, Goethe, the four great representatives of European literature. A noble room, filled with noblest books. Such a room as a man, having made for himself, would love as if it were a sentient thing. These books, looking down upon him on every side, were as the souls of the mighty dead. Here, shut in from the outer world, he could never be companionless.

Churchill was seated at a table reading. He started up at Humphrey's entrance, and received him courteously, cordially even, so far as words may express cordiality, but with a sudden troubled look, which did not escape Humphrey, transient as it was.

"Glad to see you here again, Clissold; but why didn't you go straight to the ladies? You'll find them in the hall. Most of our friends have left us, so you'll be quite an acquisition this dull weather."

"You are very good, but I regret to say that the business which brings me here to-day denies me the right to approach Mrs. Penwyn. I come as a harbinger of trouble."

Churchill's face whitened to the lips, and his thin nervous hand fastened with a tight grip upon the edge of the table against which he stood, as if he could scarcely have held himself erect without that support.

"How frightened he looks!" thought Humphrey. "Strange want of courage in a man of his type!"

"And pray what is the nature of your evil tidings?" Churchill asked, recovering self-control. His resolute nature speedily asserted itself. A faint tinge of color came back to his sunken cheeks. His eyes lost their look of sudden horror, and assumed a hard, defiant expression.

"This property—the Penwyn estate—is very dear to you, I think?" interrogated Humphrey.

"It is as dear to me as a man's birthright should naturally be to him, and it has been the happy home of my married life." This with a touch of tenderness. In no moment of his existence, however troubled, could he speak of Madge without tenderness.

"Yet Penwyn can be hardly called your birthright, since you inherit it by an accident," said Humphrey, nervously anxious to take the edge off his unpleasant communication.

"What is the drift of these remarks, Mr. Clissold? They seem to me most purposeless, and, pardon me if I add, somewhat impertinent."

"Mr. Penwyn, I am here to inform you that there is a member of your family in existence who possesses a prior claim to this estate."

"You are dreaming, Sir, or you are deceived by some impostor. I and my child are the sole representatives of the Penwyn family."

"There are secrets in every family, Mr. Penwyn. There has been a secret in your family, religiously kept for more than twenty years, but lately brought to light, in some part by my agency."

"What, Sir, you have come into this house as a spy while you have been secretly assailing my position as inheritor of my cousin's estate?"

"I have not entered your house since I made the discovery I am here to inform you of."

"Your discovery has come about with marvelous rapidity, then, for it is not long since you were my guest."

"My discovery has been arrived at quickly."

"Pray acquaint me with the nature of this mare's-nest."

"I have to inform you that your uncle, George Penwyn, before leaving England for the last time, privately married the daughter of his father's tenant, Michael Trevanard, of Borcel End."

Churchill Penwyn laughed contemptuously.

"I congratulate you upon having hit upon about the most improbable story I ever heard of," he said. "My uncle, George Penwyn, married to old Trevanard's daughter, and nobody upon earth aware of the fact till you, a stranger, unearthed it? A likely story, Mr. Clissold!"

"Likely or unlikely, it is true, and I have sufficient evidence to prove it, or I should not have broached the subject to you. I have in my possession a certified copy of the entry in the marriage register at St. John's Church, Didmouth, Devonshire, and five letters in your uncle's hand, acknowledging Muriel Trevanard as his wife; also a sealed letter from the same, committing her to the care of the late Mr. Tomlin, solicitor, of Seacomb, in the event of her needing that gentleman's protection during her husband's absence. Nor do I rely upon documentary evidence alone. The vicar of Didmouth, who married your uncle to Miss Trevanard, is still alive; and the principal witness of the marriage, Muriel's friend and confidante, is ready to support the claim of Muriel's daughter, should you force her to appeal to the law, instead of seeing, as I hope you will see, the advisability of an equitable compromise. Miss Penwyn has no desire to exact her legal rights. She has empowered me to suggest a fair and honorable alternative."

Humphrey proceeded to give a brief outline of Justina's case, and to suggest his own idea of an equitable settlement.

Churchill sat with folded arms, and gloomy face bent downward, listening. This story of Humphrey Clissold's seemed to him, so far, hardly worth serious thought. It was so wildly improbable, so like the dream of a fevered brain, that any claimant should come forward to dispute his hold of wealth and station. Yet he told himself that this Clissold was no fool, and would hardly talk of documentary evidence which he was unprepared to produce. On the other hand, this Clissold might be a villain, and the whole business a conspiracy.

"Let me see your copy of the register, Sir," Churchill said, authoritatively.

Humphrey took a paper from his breast pocket and laid it on Mr. Penwyn's desk. Yes. It was formal enough.

"George Penwyn, gentleman, of Penwyn Manor, to Muriel Trevanard, daughter of Michael Trevanard, farmer, of Borcel End. The witnesses, Maria Barlow, spinster, school-mistress, of Seacomb, and James Pope, clerk, Didmouth." If this were a genuine copy of an existing entry, there would be no doubt as to the fact of George Penwyn's marriage.

Both gentlemen were too much engrossed at this moment—Churchill pondering the significance of the document in his hand, Humphrey watching his countenance as he meditated—to be aware of the opening of a door near the fire-place, a door which fitted into the book-case, and was masked with dummy books. This door was gently opened, a woman's face looked in for an instant, and was quickly withdrawn. But the door, although apparently closed, was not shut again.

"And you pretend that there was issue to this marriage?" said Churchill.

"The lady whose claim I am here to assert is the daughter of Mr. George Penwyn by that marriage."

"And pray where has this young lady been hiding herself all her life, and how is it that she has suffered her rights to be in abeyance all this time?"

"She was brought up in ignorance of her parentage."

"Oh! I understand," cried Churchill, scornfully. "Some Miss Jones or Smith who has taken it into her wise young head—inspired doubtless by some astute friend—that she may as well prove herself a Penwyn if she can. And you come to me with this liberal offer of a compromise, to take half my estate in the most off-hand way. Upon my word, Mr. Clissold, you and this scheme of yours are a little too absurd. I can't even allow myself to be angry with you. That would be taking the thing too seriously."

"Remember, Mr. Penwyn, if I leave this house without arriving at some kind of understanding with you, I shall place the matter in the hands of my lawyers without delay, and the law must take its course. However protracted or costly the process by which Miss Penwyn may obtain her rights, I have no doubt as to the ultimate issue. She would have been contented with half your fortune. The law, if it give her any thing, will give her all."

"So be it. I will fight her to the bitter end. First and foremost, this marriage," bringing down his clinched fist upon the paper, and with an evil upward look at Humphrey, "is no marriage!"

"What do you mean?"

"A marriage with a person of unsound mind is no marriage; it is void in law. There is Blackstone to refer to if you doubt me," pointing to a set of volumes in dark brown Russia. "Now Muriel, the daughter of Michael Trevanard, has been deranged for the last twenty years. It is a notorious fact to every body in the neighborhood."

"When that marriage took place, and for a year after the marriage, Muriel was as sane as you or I. Her brain was turned by the shock she experienced upon being informed suddenly of her husband's awful death. I can bring forward sufficient witnesses to prove the state of her mind up to that time."

"And you are prepared to prove that this young woman—this waif and stray, brought up without the knowledge of her name or parentage—is the legitimate daughter of my uncle, George Penwyn, and Muriel his wife! Go your ways, Mr. Clissold, and make the best use of your evidence, documentary or otherwise. I will stand by my rights against you, and would stand by them against a stronger cause than yours."

He touched a spring bell which stood on his desk—a summons answered with extreme promptitude.

"The door," said the Squire, resuming his book without so much as a parting glance at his visitor.

Humphrey was conducted to the porch, and left the house without having seen Mrs. Penwyn or her sister. He was bitterly disappointed by the result of his morning's work, which had proved compromise impossible, and left no course open to him save the letter of the law.

* * * * * * *

Scarcely had the library door closed on Humphrey Clissold when the other door, which had been left ajar during the latter part of the interview, was quietly opened, and Madge Penwyn stole to her husband's side, and knelt down by him and wound her arms round his neck. He had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, trying to think out his position, when he found her arms about him, his head drawn gently against her shoulder.

"Dearest, I have heard all," she said, quietly.

"You heard, Madge?" he exclaimed, with a startled look. "Well, my love, it matters very little. It is all the merest folly. There is no possibility of what this man threatens."

"Churchill—husband—my beloved," she began, with deepest feeling. "You do not mean to oppose this claim?"

"To the death."

"What? Surely you will accept the truth—if it is the truth—and surrender fortune and estate. Oh! welcome change of fortune, love, that brings some measure of atonement. I have never told you how hateful, how horrible, all our wealth and luxury have been to me since I have known—"

"Hush, Madge! You know so much that you should know enough to be wise. Do you think I am going to surrender these things? Do you think I am the kind of man to sit down tamely and let a rogue hatch a conspiracy to rob me of wealth and status? They have cost me too dear."

"They have cost you so dear that you can never have joy or peace with them, Churchill. God shows us this way of getting rid of our burden. If you have any hope of mercy, any desire to be forgiven, resign this fortune. It is the price of iniquity. You can know no true repentance while you retain it. If I had seen any way of your surrendering this estate before now without exciting suspicion of the dreadful truth, I should have urged the sacrifice upon you. I urge it now with all the strength of my love."

"It is useless, Madge. I could not go back to poverty, laborious days and nights, the struggle for daily bread. I could not lead that kind of life again."

"Not with me, Churchill? We could go away to the other end of the world—to Australia, where life is simpler and easier than in England. We could know peace again; for you might dare to hope, if your sacrifice were freely made, that God had accepted it as an atonement."

"Can I atone to the dead? Will James Penwyn, in his untimely grave, be any better off because some impostor riots in the wealth that ought to have been his? A left-handed atonement that!"

"But if you find that this girl is no impostor?"

"The lawyers will have to decide that. If she can establish her right, you and I and our boy will have to say good-by to Penwyn."

"Happy loss if it lighten the burden of your sin! Do you think that I shall be sorry to leave this place, Churchill? I have never known peace here since—"

She threw herself upon his breast with a shuddering sigh.

"Madge, my dearest, my angel of love and compassion, be content to abide the issue of events. Leave all to me."

"No, Churchill," she answered, raising her head and looking at him with grave and earnest eyes, "I am not content. You know that since that bitter day I have left you in peace. I have not wearied you with my tears. I have suffered in secret, and have made it the chief duty of my life to lighten your burden so far as in me lay. But I can be content no longer. The wealth that has weighed upon my soul can now be given up with honor. The world can find no subject for slander in your quiet surrender of an estate for which a new claimant has arisen. And we can begin life afresh together, love, your soul purified by sacrifice, your conscience lightened, your peace made with God. We can begin life anew in some distant land, humbly, toilfully; so far away from all past cares that your wrong-doing may seem no more than the memory of an evil dream, and all the future open for manifold good deeds that shall weigh against that one dreadful sin."

She seemed like an angel pleading with him for the salvation of his soul, yet he resisted her.

"It is useless, Madge. You do not know what you are talking about. I could not live a life of obscurity. It would be moral suicide."

"Will you choose between me and fortune, Churchill?"

"What do you mean?"

"That unless you give up this estate you must give up me. I will live here no longer, share your ill-gotten wealth no longer!"

"Think of your boy."

"I do think of him. God forbid that my son should ever inherit Penwyn! There is the curse of blood upon every rood of land. Let it pass into other hands—guiltless hands!"

"Give me time to think, Madge; you bewilder me by this sudden attack."

"Think as long as you like, dearest, only decide rightly at last." And with one long kiss upon his pale forehead, she left him.

Once alone, he set himself to think out his position, to face this new aspect of things.

Could this alleged heiress, impostor or not, rob him of his estate? Was it possible for George Penwyn's marriage and the identity of George Penwyn's child to be proved in a court of law—proved so indisputably as to dislodge him from his position as possessor of the estate?

"No," he told himself; "the strength will be all on my side. The law does not encourage claimants of this stamp. If it did, no man's estate would be secure, no real property would be worth ten years' purchase."

He had taken a high tone with Humphrey Clissold, had affected to regard the whole matter as an absurdity, but now, face to face with the facts that had been put before him, he felt that the question was serious, and that he could not be too prompt in action.

He looked at a railway time-table, and found that he would have just time enough to catch the next up train from Seacomb—a slowish train, not reaching London till late in the evening.

"I will go up to town and see Pergament," he said to himself, as he touched the bell.

"Tell them to bring round the dog-cart at once. I shall want Hunter."

"Any particular horse, Sir?"

"Yes, Wallace."

Wallace was the fastest horse in the stable, always excepting the Squire's favorite, Tarpan, which had never been degraded by harness.

While the dog-cart was being got ready, Churchill wrote two lines to his wife:

"My Dearest,—I am going to London to inquire into this business. Be calm, be brave, as befits my noble wife. Your own till death,

"C. P."

This brief note addressed and sealed, the Squire went up stairs to his dressing-room, crammed a few things into his traveling-bag, and went down to the porch with the bag in his hand just as the dog-cart drove up—Wallace, a big deep-chested bay, in admirable condition, fresh and eager for the start, the groom breathless, having dressed himself against time.

Churchill took the reins, and the light vehicle was soon spinning along that well-made road with which the Squire of Penwyn had improved his property. Less than an hour, and Mr. Penwyn was seated in a railway carriage on his way to London.

He was at Mr. Pergament's office early next morning; indeed, more than half an hour before the arrival of that gentleman, who came in at ten o'clock, fresh and sleek of aspect, with a late tea-rose bud in the button-hole of his glossy blue coat.

Great was the solicitor's astonishment at beholding Churchill.

"My dear Mr. Penwyn, this is a surprise. One does not expect to see a man of your standing in town in the dead season. Indeed, even I, a humble working bee in the great hive, have been thinking of getting as far as Aix-les-Bains or Spa. But you are not looking well. You look care-worn, fagged."

"I have reason to look so," answered Churchill; and then explained the motive of his journey.

He told Mr. Pergament all that Clissold had told him, without reserve, with a wonderful precision and clearness. The lawyer listened intently, and with gravest concern.

But before he said a word in reply Mr. Pergament unlocked a tin case inscribed "Penwyn Estate," took out a document, and read it from the first line to the last.

"What is that?" asked Churchill.

"A copy of your grandfather's will. I want to be quite sure how you stand as regards this claimant."

"Well?"

"I am sorry to say that the will is dead against you. If this person can be proved to be the daughter of George Penwyn, she would take the estate under your grandfather's will. There is no doubt of that."

"But how is she to prove her identity with the child said to be born at Borcel End, and whose birth was made such a secret?"

"Difficult, perhaps; but if she has been in the charge of the same people all her life, and those people are credible witnesses—"

"Credible witnesses!" cried Churchill, contemptuously. "The man who has brought up this girl belongs to the dregs of society, and if by a little hard swearing he can foist this stray adoption of his upon society as the rightful owner of the Penwyn estate, do you suppose he will shrink from a little more or less perjury? Credible witnesses! No man's property in the land is secure if claimants such as this can arise 'to push us from our stools.'"

"This Mr. Clissold is a gentleman and a man of good family, is he not?"

"He belongs to decent people, I believe, but that is no reason why he should not be an adventurer. There are plenty of well-born adventurers in the world."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Mr. Pergament, blandly. In his private capacity, as a Christian and a gentleman, he was benevolently sympathetic; but the idea of a contested estate was not altogether unpleasing to his professional mind.

"Who are Mr. Clissold's lawyers?"

Churchill named them.

"A highly respectable firm—old established—in every way reputable. I do not think they would take up a speculative case."

"I do not feel sure that they will take up this case, though Mr. Clissold appeared to think so," answered Churchill. "However, your business is to be prepared. Remember, I shall fight this to the bitter end. Let them prove the marriage if they can. It will be for our side to deny that there was ever any issue of that marriage."

"Humph," mused the lawyer. "There, assuredly, lies the weakness of their case. Yes, we will fight, Mr. Penwyn. Pray keep your mind easy. I will get counsel's opinion without delay if you desire it, and I suppose, in a case so nearly affecting your interests, you would prefer an unprejudiced opinion to being your own adviser. The best men shall be secured for our side."

"Which do you call the best men?"

Mr. Pergament named three of the most illustrious lights of the equity bar.

"Very good men in their way, no doubt," said Churchill, "but I would rather have Shinebarr, Shandrish, and—say, M'Stinger."

Mr. Pergament looked horrified.

"My dear Sir, clever men, but unscrupulous—notoriously unscrupulous."

"My dear Pergament, when a gang of swindlers hatch a conspiracy to deprive me of house and home, I don't want my rights defended by scrupulous [illegible]."

"But, really, Shandrish—a man I never gave a brief to in my life!" remonstrated the solicitor.

"What does that signify? It is my battle we have to fight, and you must let me chose my weapons."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

BY WILL CARLETON, Author of "FARM BALLADS."

> "Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
> But shouldn't ha' come just when tha' did:
> Teimes are bad."
> —*Old English Ballad.*

HOOT! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way,
Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day,
Knowin' that we already have three of ye, an' seven,
An' tryin' to make yerself out a Christmas present o' Heaven?

Ten of ye have we now, Sir, for this world to abuse;
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, an' Nellie she have no shoes,
An' Sammie he have no shirt, Sir (I tell it to his shame),
An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to name!

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folk fall;
An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight,
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night;

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' somewhat to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through,
An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a seen us all in heaven afore *ye* was ready to start!

An' now *ye* have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,
A-weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound!
With yer mother's eyes a-flashin', yer father's flesh an' build,
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready for to be filled!

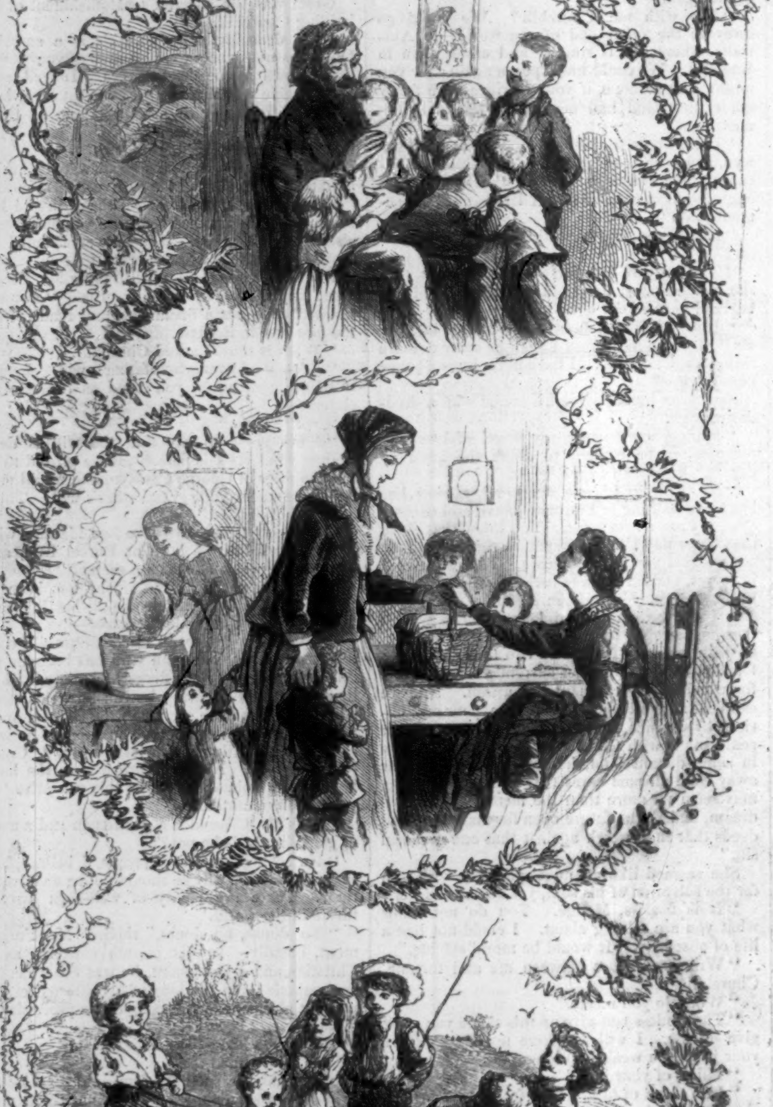
No, no! don't cry, my baby! hush up, my pretty one!
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in fun.
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'us folks;
But we don't get much victual, an' half our livin' is jokes!

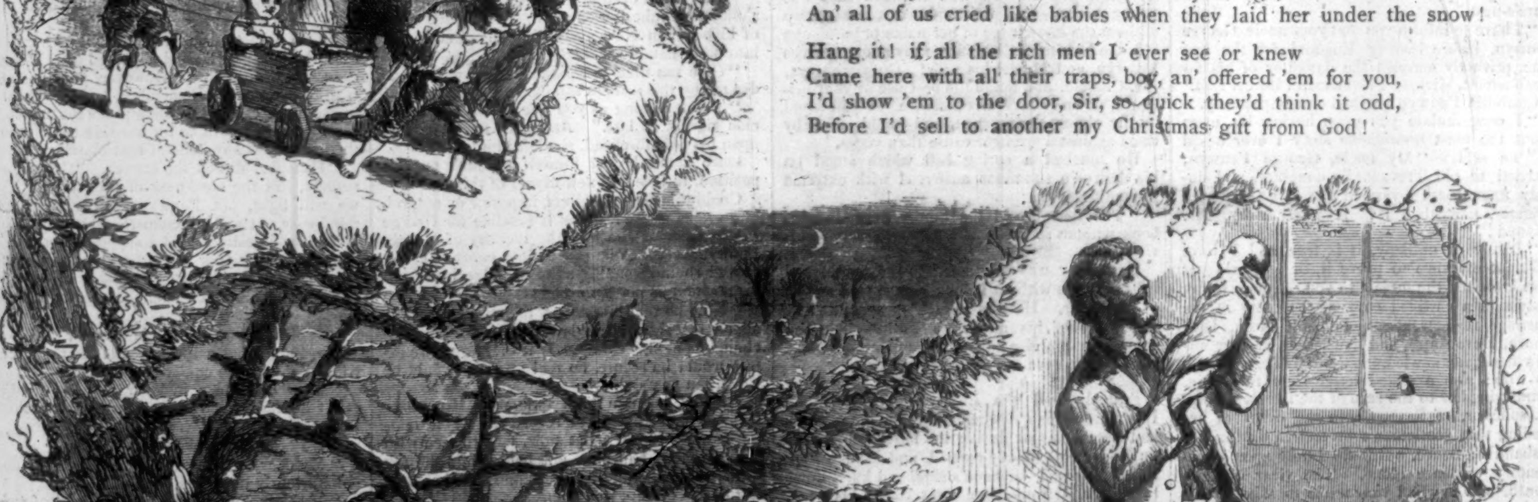
Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest? come, sit upon my knee;
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster—I'll name ye after me.
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play,
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day!

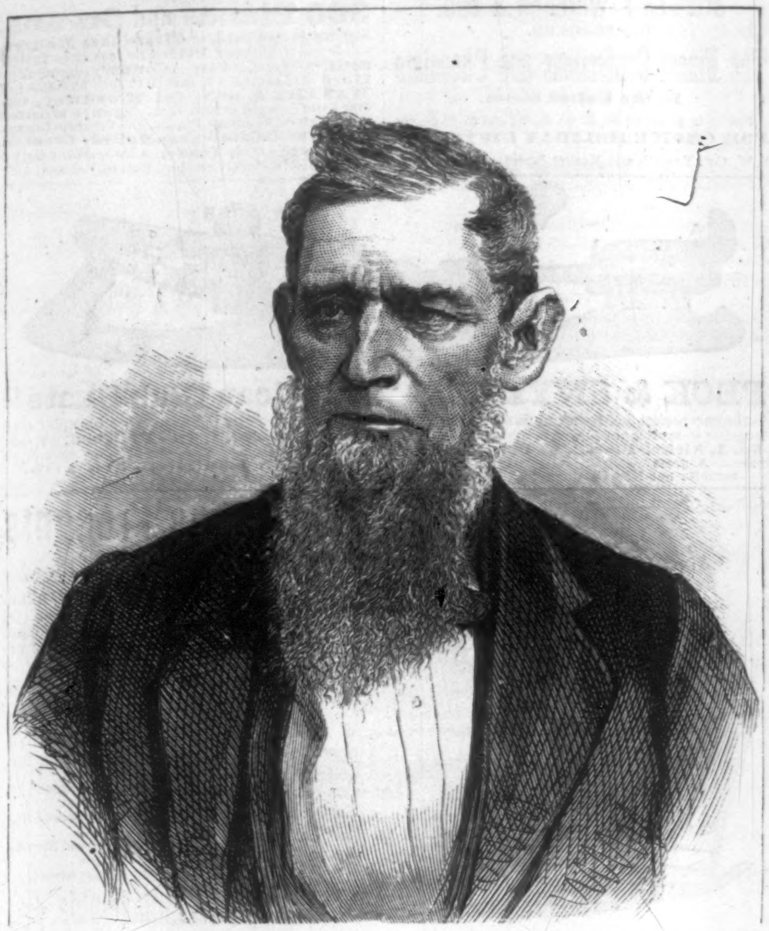
Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it 'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still, them's yer brothers, there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! when ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?
That was yer little sister—she died a year ago,
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow!

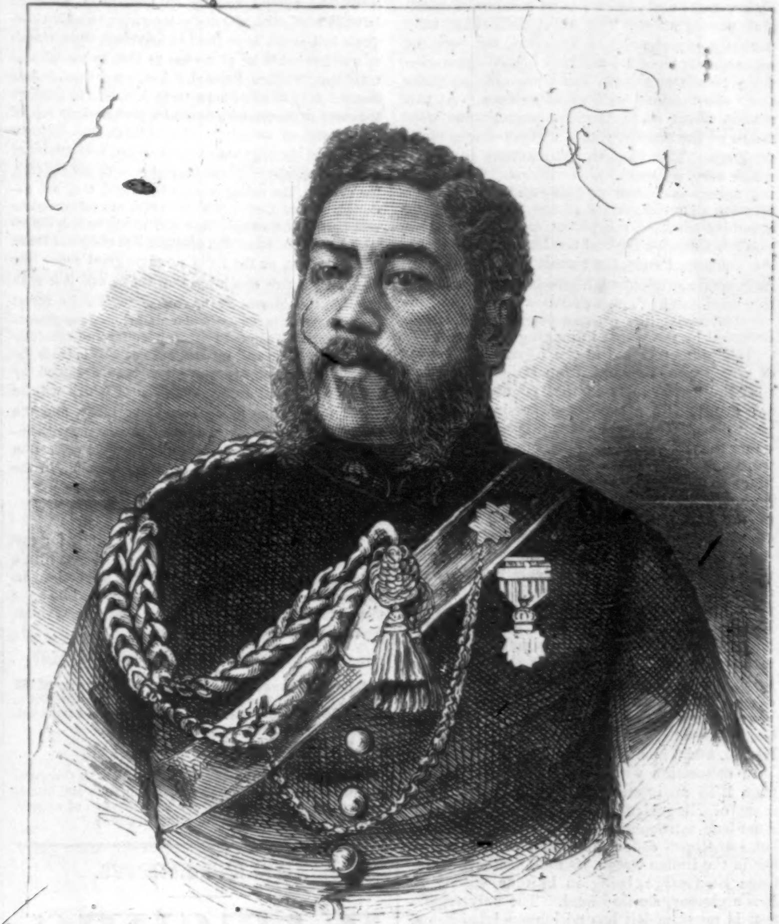
Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, Sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God!







THE LATE HON. EZRA CORNELL.—[See Editorial on Page 1063.]



KING KALAKAUA.

KING KALAKAUA.

King David Kalakaua, who is now on a visit to this country, was but recently elected to the throne of the little kingdom of the Sandwich Islands. It is his intention to travel quite extensively, and after visiting the most prominent places of interest in the United States, he will go to Europe. The young king is a man of good education and vigorous will, and is determined to preserve the independence of the islands over which he rules. In this matter he is supported by the patriotic intelligence of the whole people. Although well disposed toward Americans, Kalakaua was strongly opposed to the proposed cession of Pearl Harbor to this country for use as a naval station, as he is unwilling to alienate any portion of his small but prosperous dominion. The king is thirty-eight years of age. In 1863 he married the daughter of a Hawaiian chief.

For a full, accurate, and most entertaining account of the interesting archipelago over which Kalakaua reigns the reader is referred to Mr. Charles Nordhoff's recent work on *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands*, published by Harper & Brothers. The author traveled through every part of the islands, observing with a keen and appreciative eye all that is interesting and characteristic in the scenery and in the life, habits, and customs of the people. Besides all the information which a traveler would need respecting the present condition of affairs in the islands, the work contains much that is valuable concerning the Hawaiians as they were at the time they were first brought to the notice of the civilized world, and their progress from barbarism and idolatry toward enlightenment and Christianity. It is written in a fresh and vigorous style, and is as fascinating as a novel.

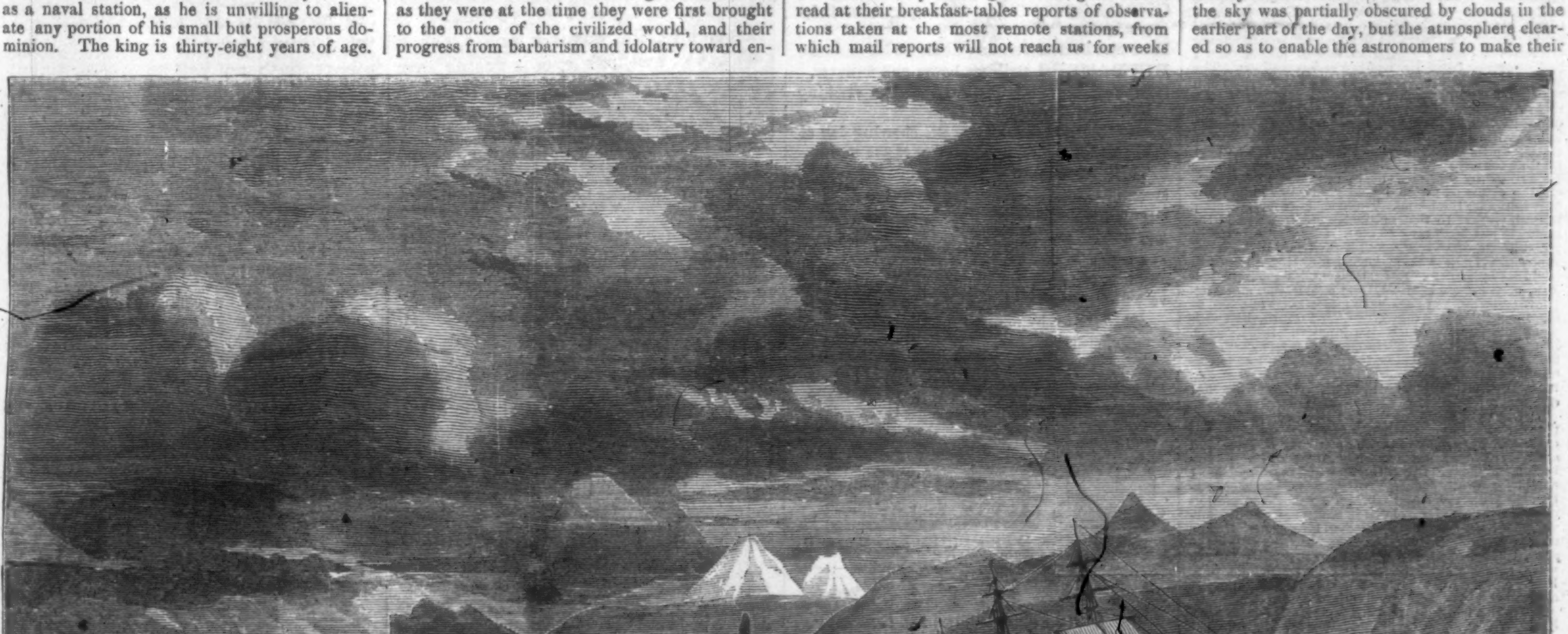
THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Full accounts of the preparations, in which all civilized nations joined, for observing at various and remote stations this interesting astronomical event have already been given in the scientific department of *Harper's Weekly*, and it remains only to record such results as have reached us. Thanks to the close communication with almost every part of the world afforded by the electric telegraph, the citizens of New York on the very morning succeeding the transit read at their breakfast-tables reports of observations taken at the most remote stations, from which mail reports will not reach us for weeks and months to come—from Wladiwostok, in Siberia, Nagasaki, in Japan, from different stations in India, and from Cairo, Suez, and Thebes. Emerson will have to revise the lines in which he avers that

> "The thought-outspeeding telegraph
> Bears nothing on its beam;"

and Ruskin, in view of this great achievement, ought to retract his hasty dictum that all that the telegraph had accomplished was to "make the world smaller."

From the full and clear special dispatches to the New York *Herald*, to which the London *Times* makes a handsome acknowledgment of indebtedness, we learn that at nearly all the stations satisfactory observations were made. At Wladiwostok the sky was partially obscured by clouds in the earlier part of the day, but the atmosphere cleared so as to enable the astronomers to make their



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS—COAST OF KERGUELEN ISLAND.

observations and secure a large number of excellent photographs. The same difficulties were partially experienced at Nagasaki, but here the astronomers were favored by a longer exemption from clouds and haze, and were able to make their observations with great success. At this station about sixty excellent photographs were taken of the transit during various stages of its progress. The English astronomers in Egypt made very successful observations. Their photographers stationed at Thebes secured a large number of photographs of the transit, and the apparent track of the planet as seen from that place is therefore beyond the hazard of mistake. At Teheran, Persia, the transit was witnessed by European astronomers, whose labors were generally successful. The weather was clear and favorable during the greater portion of the time occupied by the planet in making its transit.

Telegrams received at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, from India, announced that the astronomers in that country observed the transit with a success surpassing their expectations. While the planet appeared, projected on the sun's disk, the photographers took upward of one hundred negatives of its position thereon. The details of the micrometric measurements and the determination of the instants of the four contacts of Venus with the sun's edges had not yet been received, but there was every reason to hope that they have been ascertained with precision. Intelligence has also been received of successful observations at various points in China, and at Adelaide and Melbourne. Dispatches from the American astronomers at Hobart-Town, Tasmania, state that their observations were partially successful, the atmosphere being cloudy and confused. The observers on other portions of the island had better success. We also learn that the observations failed in Omsk, Orenburg, Kasan, Uralsk, Astrakhan, Kertch, and Tiflis.

In connection with these reports we give on page 1073 an interesting view of the southern coast of Kerguelen Island, where a party of American astronomers was stationed. Kerguelen, sometimes called the Island of Desolation, lies in the Indian Ocean, its most southern point, Cape St. George, being in latitude 49° 54′ S. It is a gloomy, sterile island. The only vegetation is moss, and it has no human inhabitants. The following letter, addressed to a scientific gentleman in Washington by Dr. J. H. KIDDER, of the United States navy, and surgeon and naturalist to the American astronomers on this desolate island, contains many facts of much interest:

U. S. S. *Swatara*, KERGUELEN ISLAND, *September* 11, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—We arrived at Three-island Harbor, some seven miles from this, on the evening of September 7, and steamed up to this place on the morning of the 9th. Already a pretty comfortable hut has been roofed in, and three tents erected for temporary shelter, on the side of a steep hill overlooking the bay, and to-morrow the ship will probably leave us to our six months' camping party. The chionis is very plentiful, and so tame that one has been caught by hand. I notice, by-the-way, a naked spot on the shoulder of the wing, almost a spur in some specimens, and used as a weapon by the males. There are also a species of green-winged teal, less brightly colored than our own, many species of gull, a very pretty lavender-colored tern with coral-red feet and bill, the sooty albatross (and, the whalers say, the white, *D. exulans*, also), jackass penguins, several varieties of fishing ducks, innumerable minute crustaceans among the sea-weed, and a greater variety of plants than I had expected from Dr. HOOKER's descriptions. The whalers say that there is also a sort of burrowing rat, which I have not seen, but which I suppose to be a sort of lemming (if not imported), and quite a variety of insects. I have only captured one small curculio, but have been very hard at work these two days in setting up tents and moving our stores, so as to have no time for any regular excursions. Some fossils have been found by those less busily occupied, among others the clams of which I told you, quite unlike any now found on the island. There is, however, an edible mussel, similar to that cultivated in France, and the birds are just beginning to nest. I have already tasted penguin-egg omelet, and find it far from unpalatable. I have given all the alcohol, cans, bird tins, etc., that I could safely spare to Messrs. RUSSELL, SCOTT, and MILLMAN, of the New Zealand, Chatham Island, and Melbourne parties, and they have undertaken to make as large collections as they could, and return the specimens to be forwarded to Washington. Mr. RUSSELL in particular takes great interest in the subject, and as his opportunities will be the best of any, I have given him a pretty good outfit. The Crozet station had to be abandoned, as you will have learned, on account of its inaccessibility.

To-day I got sight, for the first time, of the dredges, the mistake about which has given me no small uneasiness. They were received during my absence, and stowed in the very centre of a huge pile of house lumber on the deck between the fore and main masts. I shall take several ashore, give one or two to each party, and pack the rest to be returned. This station promises well, so far as I can judge from a cursory survey of about two hours, and I shall have plenty of time at my disposal to work the field. I write under the disadvantage of great fatigue, after a very hard day's work, and can not say the half that I should like. I have a few bottles of sporadic specimens, and about a dozen slides, picked up in various parts.

With best wishes, I remain, respectfully and sincerely, yours, J. H. KIDDER.

ARTISTIC WATCHES.

NEARLY four centuries have now elapsed since the invention of watches. It is a curious and not a very creditable fact, that the strictly artistic element was more conspicuous during the first fifty years of the history of this invaluable invention than it has been during the last half century. From 1500 to 1540, before the adoption of the fusee, watches were treated by the makers as essentially ornamental objects. We have them of that period in all forms—octagonal, round, oval, cruciform—some times wrought into a conchoidal beauty, as

"The fish out-builds her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell."

Not a few have come down to us, sadly significant *memento moris*, in the likeness of enameled skulls. One, quaintly beautiful, in the form of a golden acorn, discharges a diminutive wheel-lock pistol at a given hour. The pendulum-spring was not invented until 1675; yet, long before that time, all watches had become round. There are exceptions, to be sure, as in the case of an octagonal crystal-cased watch, with a recumbent nymph holding an hour-glass, made by Edward East, who also made the silver bedside clock given by Charles I. on the last morning, when clocks or watches could be of no use to him, to his faithful attendant, William Herbert. Yet, even then, it was deemed only fit to emboss, enamel, chisel, or engrave the cases of these little monitors with designs full of beauty and of meaning. The French and German watches of the Eighteenth Century are now attaining an extraordinary value for the charm of the miniatures, the designs, the raised work with which they are enriched. From 1790 to 1860 the reign of commonplace was hardly suspended, here and there, by the determined tastes of some rich amateur like the great Duke of Wellington, or the fancy of some great artist like Brequet. A new epoch has now set in, and it is with pleasure that Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), invite the particular attention of purchasers of taste and refinement to their peculiar and carefully selected collection of watches, each of which, from the least to the most expensive, has been designed by artists of original ability, and each of which will be found to combine grace, suggestive fancy, and the indefinable charm of thoughtful ornament, with intrinsic value in the materials, and absolute perfection (according to the standard of each specimen), in the workmanship.—[*Com.*]

"SAY, Pa, do you know what I want for my Christmas? I want a pair of PECK & SNYDER's 'American Club Skates;' they are advertised in *Harper's*. Tommy Jones has a pair, and he says they are the best in the world. They send them by mail, postage paid."—[*Com.*]

A LONG JOURNEY.—"It is well worth a journey of 380 miles to have teeth drawn as it is done at Dr. COLTON's, in the Cooper Institute." So wrote a patient from Oswego, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is one of the most judicious and enterprising sheets in the country, and in breadth of miscellaneous reading, has no superior.—[*Com.*]

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CHRONOGRAPHS marking fifth seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split seconds,
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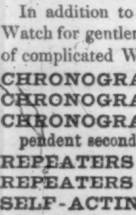
REPEATERS striking hours and 5 minutes,
REPEATERS striking hours and minutes,
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS striking hours and quarters,
CALENDAR WATCHES showing day of the week, month, and changes of the moon.

Their Watches for Ladies are of the same system as their standard Watch, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, are stronger, and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.

Silver Watches for Boys, fine movements, in very desirable sizes, both stem and key winders.

All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.



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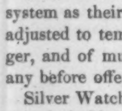

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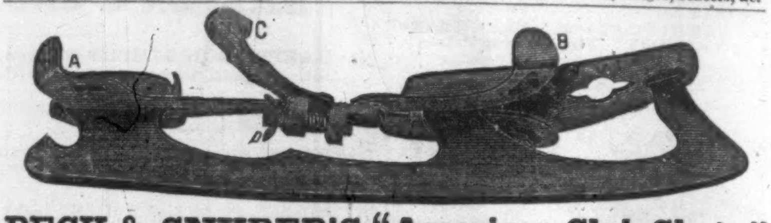

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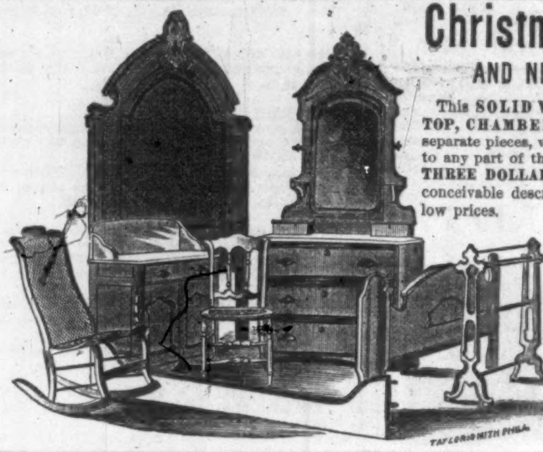

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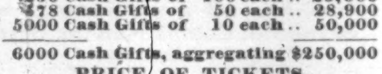

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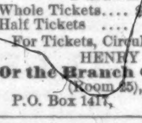

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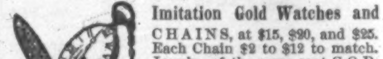

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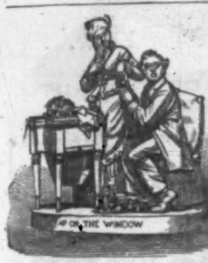

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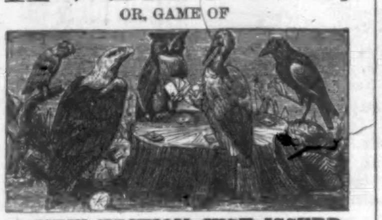

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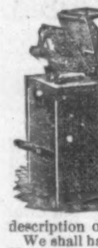

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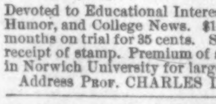

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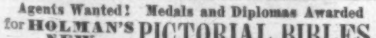
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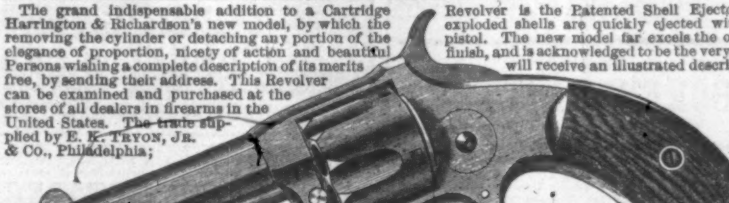

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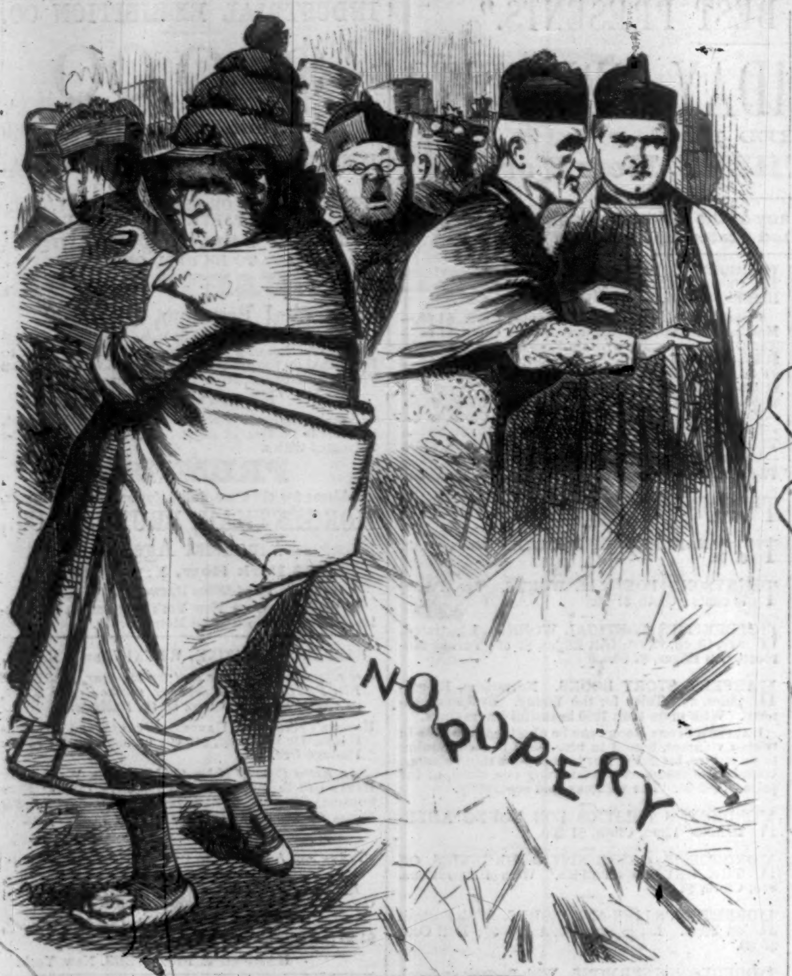

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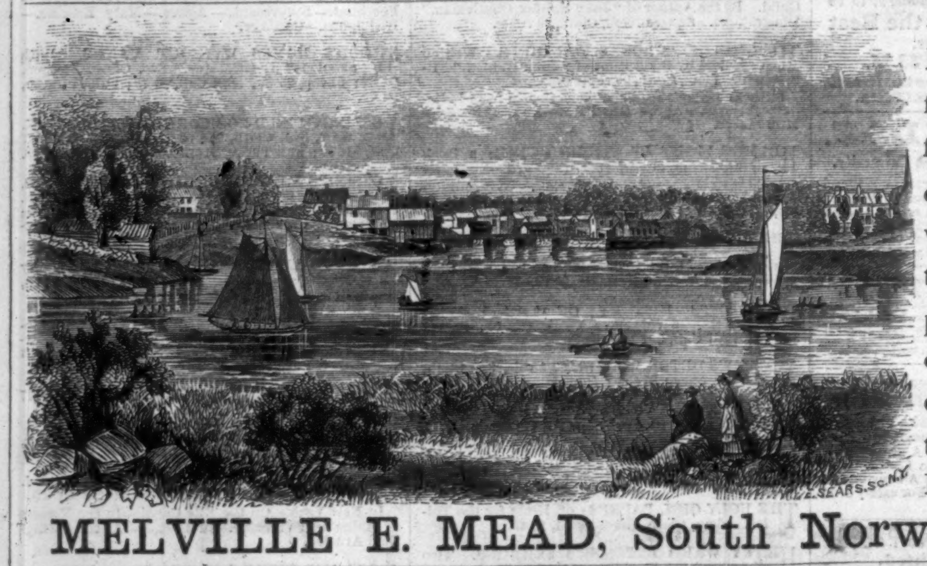
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MARRIAGE BY ADVERTISEMENT.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

"I WONDER," exclaimed Nina Fitzgerald, "whether these advertisements are real, or only nonsense?"

"What advertisements?" asked a good-looking young gentleman from a table near the window, where he sat dressing trout flies.

"Why, this;" and she read as follows:

"'**MATRIMONY.**—A gentleman, widower, aged 40, with a nice home, also a good business in the City, would like to correspond with a lady with means.—Address X Y Z, 222 James Street, City.'"

"Oh! A lady with means, is it, he wants? Then it's *bona fide* enough, I warrant."

"But surely, George, no woman would be such a fool as to marry a man in this way," pursued Miss Fitzgerald, laying the paper across her lap, and looking earnestly at her cousin.

"Can't say. Women are fools enough for any thing. Rise at any fly," he replied, over a half-finished "black palmer."

"Not nearly so foolish as you men, with your gambling and steeple-chasing, and breaking your necks, and losing your money. Indeed I don't believe there is a single man in your regiment that is not a fool, and I have seen the whole of them."

"The Duke's Own Hussars are much obliged to you, I'm sure, for the compliment, my fair cousin; but to return to where we left off. Do you suppose that if I put an advertisement in the papers for a wife that I shouldn't have a hundred young women answering it?"

"Not one!" cried Nina, with decision. "But perhaps if I, that is to say, a woman, advertised, it would be a different thing."

"Well, Nina, you are pretty enough, no doubt, to go in and win," said the young lieutenant of Hussars, looking up from his silk, feathers, and tinsel at her face.

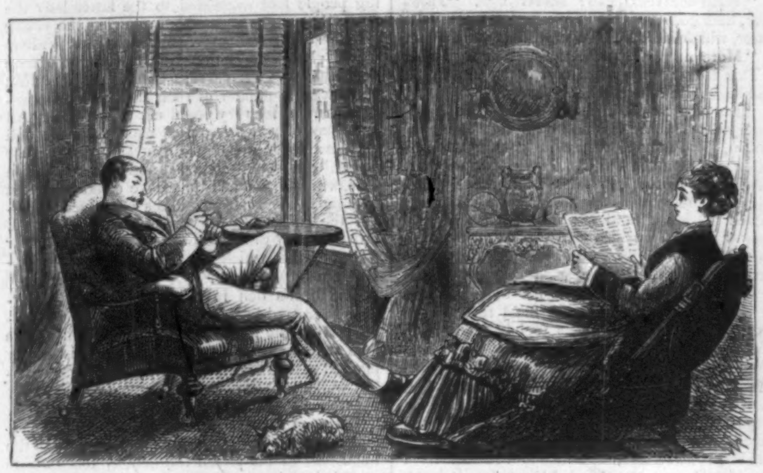
It was a very pretty face of the true Irish pattern. Dark blue eyes, wavy black tresses, *nez retroussé*, clear complexion, and a laughter-loving dimpled mouth and chin. The face of a bright, clever girl of nineteen, who thought of nothing but the present moment, and the best way of distilling pleasure from it with the least trouble in the operation.

"I have a great mind to try," she retorted, saucily. "Suppose we have a bet about it?"

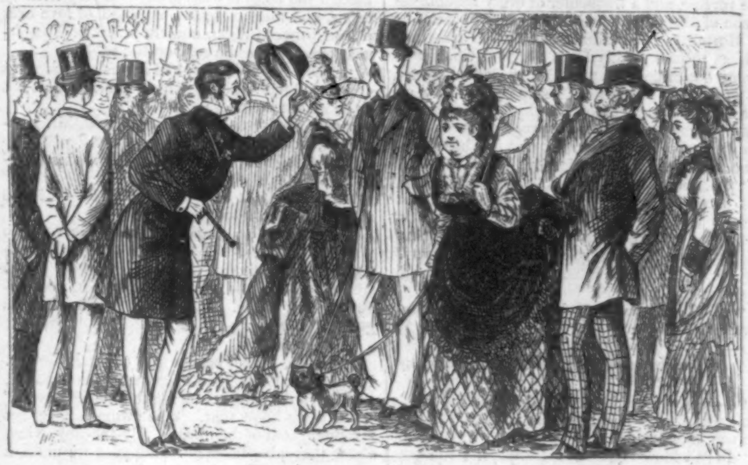
"What would my respected Pater say to that?" said he, with mock gravity. "Just after paying off my debts on the promise that I would never bet again."

"Oh, gloves, you know. Uncle George would not mind *that*; besides, betting with a lady counts for nothing."

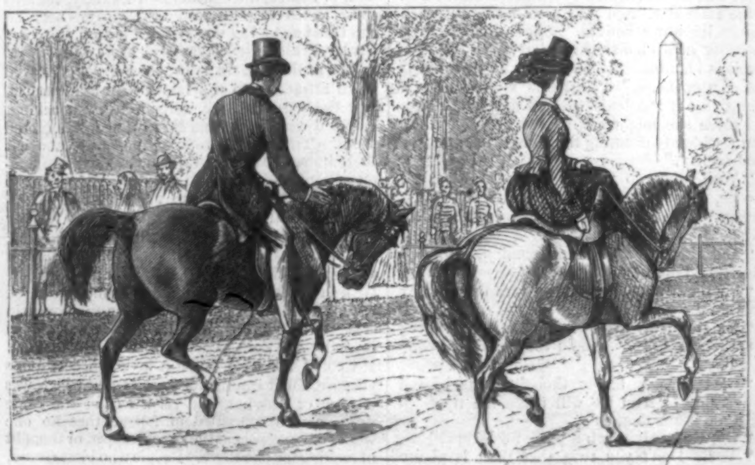
"I am very glad to hear it, for Jouvin could



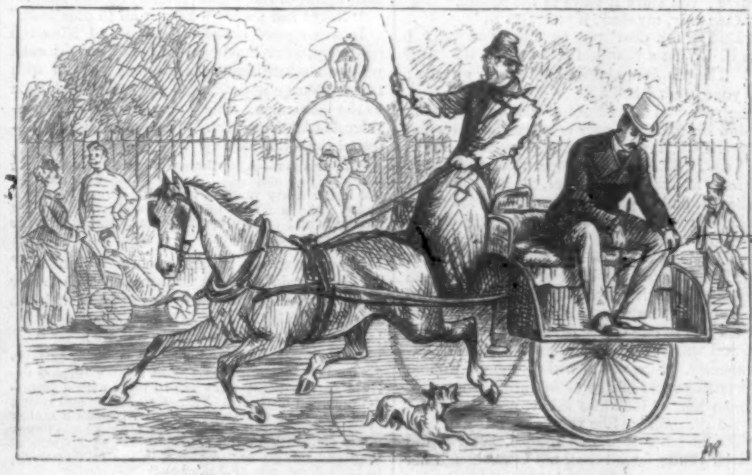
MARRIAGE BY ADVERTISEMENT—HATCHING THE PLOT.



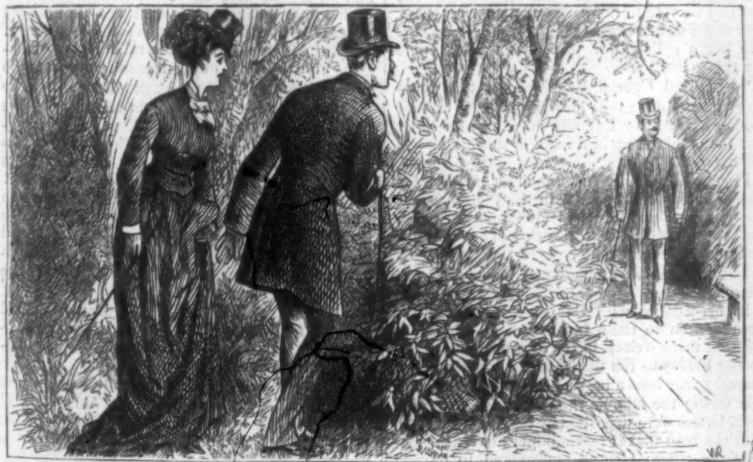
AT THE BAND IN MERRION SQUARE.



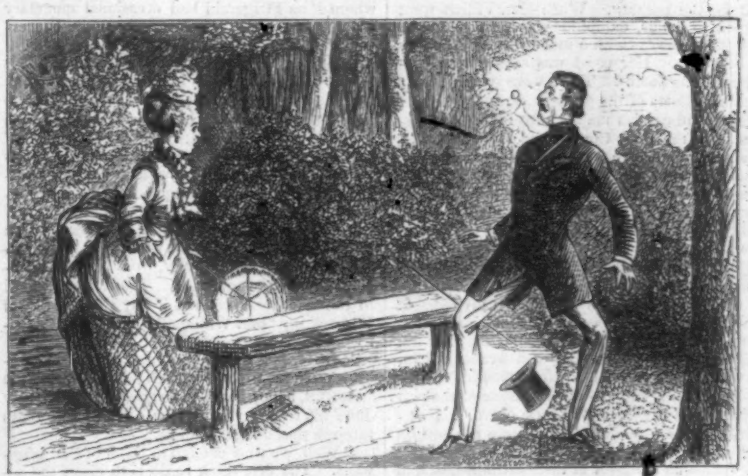
GOING TO THE PHŒNIX.



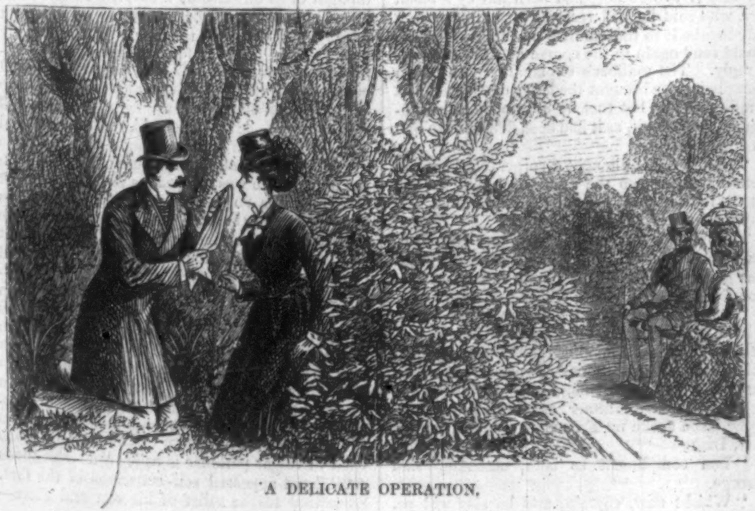
OFF TO THE BARRACKS.



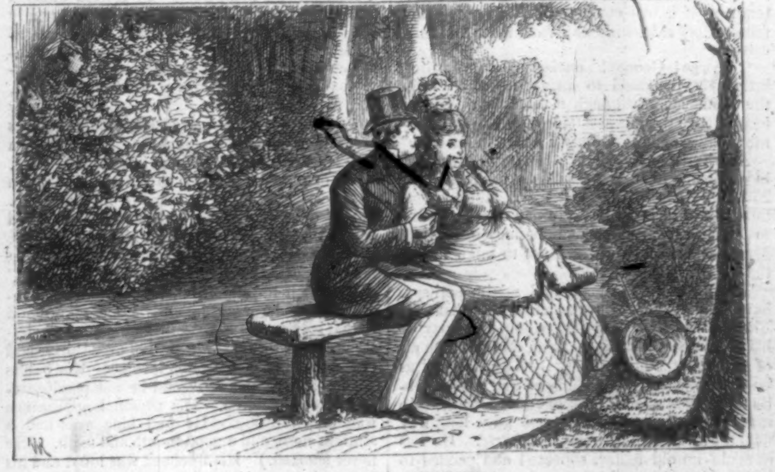
MY FATHER! METHINKS I SEE MY FATHER!



MUTUAL ASTONISHMENT.



A DELICATE OPERATION.



ADONIS AND ARIADNE.

hardly supply half of all I owe to your sex; but I thought that Mrs. Villiers had put book-making under the ban for you too, Nina. I know she was complaining of your extravagance only the other day."

Now Mrs. Villiers was a distant connection of the Fitzgerald family, and very rich. She had neither chick nor child of her own, and had adopted Nina, a few years before, on the death of that young person's mother. Nina's father had died soon after her birth. Miss Fitzgerald called this lady "aunt" by courtesy only, and was often sorely exercised by the freaks and fancies for which Mrs. Villiers had gained a considerable notoriety in the good city of Dublin and its neighborhood. One day Mrs. Villiers was religious, and a distributer of tracts, the next she would be rather the reverse, and a frequenter of every fashionable scene of dissipation within the circuit of the Bills of Mortality. Sometimes she would so dress herself as to pass readily for a Sister of Charity or a nun, out-of-doors; at another she would appear as gorgeously appareled as some great lady of the Parisian world. She was the widow of a fox-hunting gentleman of good property in County Galway, who broke his neck and left her a fortune all in one day of "calamity," as she called it.

"Oh, Aunt Mary scolds only periodically, and not according to my sins; she is extravagant enough herself, if it comes to *that*, to be fairly unable to find fault with me. If you saw her dress-maker's bill, George, it would astonish you. Even your racing and blind hookey—funny name—could not surpass it."

"What says the French poet?" replied Fitzgerald, carelessly:

"'Avarice, my dear, is cursed from pole to pole;
And money was made like a wheel, on purpose, my blonde, to roll.'"

"I wish you would have done with those tiresome flies," cried Nina, after a pause. "Where are you going to fish?"

"In Wicklow next week, I hope, if I can get leave of absence from the chief."

"But you are coming with us to the band this evening; you know it plays in the square."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it."

"Don't 'my dear' me, George; you know I hate it. What a beautiful afternoon it is! And see! The people are beginning to come already; it is your band, I believe."

She rose, and looked out of the drawing-room window on what is a very pretty sight—Merrion Square, Dublin, on a summer's evening, and a band day. The hawthorn-trees were very green and fresh from a recent shower, the grass smoothly shaved, and a pleasant promenade for many fashionable idlers in dresses comprising all the gay colors of the rainbow. By-and-by, when Mrs. Villiers, with Nina and George Fitzgerald, joined the throng, the band of the Duke's Own Hussars was playing joyous music, and the crowd had increased to what was almost a crush. Mrs. Villiers was in one of her irreligious humors this day, and was accordingly dressed somewhat extravagantly. She was a little "squab" woman of forty-five years of age or upward, who sought to make herself look like thirty, and failed signally in the effort. She wore a quantity of false ringlets, and her face was rouged, but she did not look young for all that, not even though her vivacity was that of some young thing in her second season, and striving to appear "fast" as a bait for the military. When Mrs. Villiers went abroad to bands, exhibitions, concerts, and the like, it was always with a mob of needy admirers in her train. Her court was somewhat incongruous in its details. There were young officers and old officers of the garrison, sheep-faced subalterns, and ogreish majors, also briefless barristers from the Four Courts, and Revivalist ministers from nowhere in particular. There were country gentlemen, too, from Roscommon and Clare, who considered Mrs. Villiers to be the very "height of fashion," and penniless young ladies who desired to be "brought out" under the little lady's auspices. For Mrs. Villiers had a good house in a fashionable part of the town, and gave good dinners; also balls and parties, to which every one was eager to be invited. It was true that she was eccentric—the uncharitable said mad—but what is eccentricity, after all, but genius, when combined with wealth and influence? It used to be an amusement of George and Nina Fitzgerald to ridicule in secret the persons composing Mrs. Villiers's court, and certainly it was very absurd to observe the various methods by which they sought to ingratiate themselves in the favor of their patroness, as well as the jealousy every one of them exhibited toward his fellow. As for Mrs. Villiers herself, although she treated the train with as much contempt as if it was composed of dogs, she could not possibly exist without it from habit and long custom.

"George! George!" exclaimed this bustling little lady, delighted to attract attention from the promenaders through a voice that could be heard above the music—"George, I see your father yonder alone. Go say I desire to see him."

All the train were ready to start off at once in obedience to their sovereign's commands, but Fitzgerald simply shrugged his shoulders while talking with his cousin. He had a great dislike to be singled out for the imperious display of Mrs. Villiers, so he affected not to mind her in the slightest degree.

The little lady frowned, and might, perhaps, have made some serious remark, only that Mr. Fitzgerald, senior, happened to join her party of his own free-will at this moment, and with the air of a beau of the last century. "Old George," as he was called in the "Kildare" and other Dublin clubs, was a gentleman of small fortune, who made what little money he had go a long way with the assistance of whist and *écarté*. He was a made-up old fellow, squeezed and padded to look half his age, and it was only to his valet that he appeared the ancient wreck he really was. His play at whist was popularly supposed to be second to none in the three kingdoms, and he professed to be a woman-hater, and one that cared for nothing but club-life. Nevertheless he was an old intriguer in his way, and cordially appreciating Mrs. Villiers's excellent dinners, he was always very civil to her and to his niece. The latter he had tutored from the age of sixteen not to think for a moment of his son in any other light than as a cousin, for, as the old fellow was never tired of remarking in her presence, he had nothing to leave, and George had only his commission and his uniform to live on. "The one will get him credit from his tradesmen, and the other a rich wife," observed "Old George," with a grin, and, as Nina was a sensible girl, and quite intelligent enough to take the hint, it came to this, that although the cousins were always on very friendly terms, and much together, no word of love ever passed between them, and the mind of Fitzgerald, senior, was quite easy on the subject.

"Heh! Mrs. Villiers, looking as charming as ever," said the old beau, with a flourish of his hat as he approached her.

"And I may return the compliment, Mr. Fitzgerald; you grow younger every day."

The old fellow made a grimace at this reference to his age.

"It is the sight of you, Mrs. Villiers—it is the sight of you that does it," he said.

"Look at the governor," said George the younger to Miss Nina, "he is as full of rheumatism as an egg is full of meat; and look at the white trowsers, and the white waistcoat, and patent-leather shoes. One would suppose he was going a-courting."

Nina laughed.

"No, no, I don't believe that of Uncle George. He is about as likely to marry again as my aunt, and that's the same as saying that he never will."

"I don't know that. Some women never get matrimony out of their heads. By-the-way, Nina, about that advertisement. Suppose we make it out to-morrow?"

"Very well. Come over to lunch, but don't let aunt know, or she would certainly be very angry."

"Never fear; we will keep it all to ourselves."

It was agreed between George and Nina the next day, after luncheon, that they should each write an advertisement according to their own taste—George appealing to the ladies, and Nina to the gentlemen. The young Hussar, after considerable labor at Mrs. Villiers's davenport, produced the following:

> "Matrimony.—A gentleman of large fortune, young and highly accomplished, desires to meet with a lady, not under thirty years of age, with a view to matrimony. She must be handsome and vivacious, but money is not of any consequence. Address, in the first instance, Adonis, care of—"

Here followed the name, street, and number of Mr. Fitzgerald's Dublin boot-maker, a character in his way, and a person to be intrusted with the secret of the bet.

Nina's advertisement ran as follows:

> "Matrimony.—A young lady, possessed of extraordinary personal attractions, and a large income derived from a coal-pit, desires to meet with a gentleman of good birth, and of domestic habits and tastes, with a view to the above. Age or income a matter of indifference to the advertiser, a cheerful and happy home being rather the object of this advertisement than any thing else. Address, in the first instance, to Lady Jane, care of Madame—"

Here there was the name of a dress-maker with whom Miss Fitzgerald had occasional monetary transactions, and a person in whom she had every confidence for discretion.

"Hang it, Nina!" exclaimed George, "this is hardly fair, you know! I counted on a hit when I said 'not under thirty,' for all the old maids in Ireland would have bitten at it, but here you are also putting down age as 'no consequence!' However, I don't think my 'handsome' and 'vivacious' half bad. Every woman considers herself to be both, so that's a good bid for the million."

"Ah, but my coal-pit, George! What do you think of *that?*" asked Nina, with justifiable pride. "Does it not read *solvent*, you know; an income safe in the collieries! That should appeal to the selfishness of man if any thing can, and I'll back my 'best Wallsend' against your 'vivacity' any day.

"Just what might be looked for in so mercenary a creature as yourself; but I allow the 'cheerful, happy home' to be good, and the 'Lady Jane' ain't bad; you will get a lot of shop-boys through that dodge, I admit."

"Well, it's time enough to think of that afterward. The first thing to do is to insert the advertisement in several papers; and mind, George, fair play; mine must appear in as many as yours."

Like all idle men, George Fitzgerald affected to be overwhelmed with business. It was nearly a week after this that, her cousin having meanwhile returned to Dublin, Nina was able to gratify her curiosity regarding the matrimonial correspondence. To her own great disappointment, and much to George's surprise, there was only one reply to each, instead of some thousands, as they expected. Nina opened hers first, read a long epistle, evidently written in a feigned hand. Some of the letters seemed turned upside down in the writer's efforts to preserve his incognito. It was only with much labor the cousins could decipher the man's meaning, which was this.

"Correspondent," it stated, "had read with a tender interest the advertisement of 'Lady Jane,' and had felt impelled to answer it from the conviction that he was eminently fitted to respond to that lady's overtures. Correspondent," the letter went on to say, "was a trifle over thirty, and possessed of a comfortable income. His habits were peculiarly domestic, and he was passionately fond of children. His personal appearance was prepossessing. He had blue eyes and a straight nose, and a good mouth and teeth. (He never smoked.) His forehead was lofty, and his hair curled naturally. Its color was a rich brown. He was above the middle height, and of a fine athletic figure, and he was possessed of many useful and agreeable accomplishments in, it might be, the flattering estimation of his friends. He was of an ancient Irish family, and his ancestors could be traced back to the Phœnicians, if not farther. He was possessed of a good town-house, and every qualification necessary to render a woman happy."

Nina Fitzgerald went into fits of laughter over this precious epistle, while George grinned his appreciation of its egotism over her shoulder. The letter concluded with "the respectful but eager request that the fair advertiser would speedily appoint a time and place for the formation of a personal acquaintance that it was hoped and presumed would lead to the bliss of wedded life, and an interchange of thought and sentiment."

"What does *that* mean?" said George. "However, here goes for the lady!" And he opened *his* letter, which was on pink paper, highly perfumed.

"More disguise!" he remarked, at a glance. "This is evidently written with the left hand, and looks like one's first copy-book."

"It's very round, and easy to read, though," observed Nina, who was now on tiptoe behind her cousin, the better to peruse its contents. This letter was in much the same style as the other. "Ariadne," as the lady subscribed herself, freely admitted the attractiveness of the advertisement signed "Adonis," and felt impelled likewise to answer it from an idea that she could meet all its requirements. She was *not* under thirty, she wrote, but she did not say what her age precisely was, nor did she allude to her income. But in compensation for this she filled three pages crossed with information as to her beauty and vivacity, which, if correct, would have rendered her a sort of amalgamation of Madame de Staël and the Venus de Medici. Her portrait had been painted by O'Flannigan, of the Hibernian Royal Academy, and had been exhibited at the Exhibition, where it had "enjoyed the distinguished consideration of notice and remark from his Excellencey the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Mangelwurzelshire. Her *conversaziones* had been attended by "the celebrated wits of the Irish Bar," and "by men distinguished in science, literature, and art." She "disclaimed the character of a blue-stocking, but cared little for frivolous amusements, suited only to school-girls and chatter-boxes." "Ariadne" wound up with a hint that if "Adonis" named a suitable time and place she might contrive to see and to be seen "without affronting the conventionalities of good society."

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked George, folding the letter, which he put in his pocket. "The thing now is to bring them together."

"But there may be more coming, George," said Nina, hopefully.

"So there may, but in the mean time why separate these two fond hearts?"

"Oh, decidedly not! I should give any thing to see the meeting. Would the Zoological Gardens do?"

"Capital! A happy thought!" exclaimed Fitzgerald. "And we will make the trysting-place the bear's den, eh?"

"Oh, George! Such a place for lovers?"

"Tut! Don't you twig that there is plenty of cover in the neighborhood, lots of trees and bushes, behind which we can see all that goes on, and it's easily managed—the ambuscade—the first day we ride to the park. By-the-bye, Nina, your mare wants exercise, and we might as well give her a gallop over 'the fifteen acres' some day this week."

"Very well, George, I shall be very glad to go with you any day; only do not bring [illegible] of your brother officers, for I should not care if they knew that I was mixed up in a hoax of this kind—you understand."

Fitzgerald promised as required, and as the cousins often rode together in the Phenix Park, wherein the Dublin Zoological Gardens are situated, they supposed that they should have no difficulty in witnessing unobserved the meeting of Adonis and Ariadne conducted under their auspices.

In accordance with this arrangement letters were written to these heathenish divinities appointing three o'clock in the afternoon of the following Friday as the time, and the wooden bench nearest to the brown bear's den on the right-hand side facing the lake as the place of assignation. Both letters were deposited by George Fitzgerald with the boot-maker and milliner abovementioned, from whom George endeavored to extract some information regarding his correspondents. But they had none to give. Crispin could only say that Ariadne's note had been left by a small boy, who said he had received a shilling from a lady to take it to that address and to say that she would send again in the course of a few days for a reply. The milliner's explanation was that a commissionaire brought the letter of Adonis from a military club, but that he did not see the gentleman who sent it, as it had been delivered to him by the club porter.

"Funny this!" thought George. "They are determined to keep the affair dark, but we will let the light in on it presently. Patience till Friday, patience!"

The milliner was, on her part, very curious to learn all she could from Fitzgerald about what was going on, but did not obtain much satisfaction from that gay young officer.

"I am sure, Captain Fitzgerald," said she, "it's not marriage in joke, but marriage in earnest we've been all looking for between you and Miss Nina, the handsomest, sweetest, charmingest young lady in all Dublin at this minnit."

Although the milliner called herself "Madame," she spoke no French or English, but, in fact, Irish.

"You compliment us both, madame," said George.

"Whisht now, captain, and be aisy wid ye. Shure they all say that Miss Nina will have an illigant fine fortune from Mrs. Villiers."

"I am not that lady's lawyer, so can not say. Good-by, madame," and gayly resisting her entreaties to stay "an' chat," Fitzgerald made his escape into the street, and, hailing a car, drove off to the barracks in a rather moody disposition that day. Perhaps he was fonder of his cousin than he cared to acknowledge, for remarks alluding to Nina's marriage always jarred upon him unpleasantly. True, he always spoke of her rather flippantly as his "little cousin," and affected to treat her as a mere child: nevertheless they had been thrown much together owing to the circumstances of the loss of Nina's parents, and her adoption by such a gadabout sort of woman as was Mrs. Villiers. Sometimes, too, well-meaning people had suggested to the latter lady the perils that might ensue from allowing the young people so much liberty, to which Mrs. Villiers would always reply that Nina and George were well able to take care of themselves, and that there was no danger of their making an imprudent match, for they could not afford it. "All Nina has, or will have, must come from me, and all that George can hope for must come from his father," she would often say, and well satisfied in her own selfish creed that Love could not exist without Money. Mrs. Villiers continued to permit the cousins to do very much as they liked, provided they did not often ask her to join their riding parties, which she hated, being but an indifferent horsewoman.

The bear's den in the Irish Zoological Gardens is erected in the slope of a terrace that extends from the upper part of the gardens to the lake at its foot. This terrace, or slope, is thickly planted with trees and evergreens, and has winding walks running through its cool shades, very pleasant to stroll in on a fine summer's day. The brown bear is, or was, a very fine animal, and seemed to regard philosophically through the huge bars of his prison the holiday folk outside and their doings. Constables of the Irish constabulary off duty, nursery-maids and children, and, of course, the concomitant military, indulge their tastes for flirtation and ginger-beer on the benches by the water-side; but on this particular Friday there happened to be a review of troops in the Phenix Park, close by, that proved more attractive to the idlers than wild beasts, and the gardens were, comparatively speaking, empty when George and Nina Fitzgerald entered them. The cousins rode to the gates, and left their horses in charge of some ragged hangers-on of equestrians; then they walked down to the bear's den, Nina a little nervous, but full of expectation of the scene she was to witness. They passed the bench indicated in the correspondence, but there was nothing on it but a robin-redbreast picking up the crumbs left by some picnicker. George looked at his watch and found it wanted ten minutes of the time, which he employed in selecting a secure position for himself and cousin behind some dense laurestinas close to the den. He could not have found a better place for his purpose, for it commanded the bench, which was not out of ear-shot, and yet it was at the same time so well concealed in foliage that no one would have suspected the eavesdropper, or thought of looking for one there. People who blast stones, or fire mines with slow matches, understand the painful mental anxiety that awaits the explosion; and so it was with our conspirators, who, concealed in the bushes, thought the time would never come for the gratification of their curiosity. George whispered the most ridiculous speculations into the ear of his cousin, who was too nervous to laugh, and yet longed to do so. Who might Adonis be, or who might he not be? He might turn out to be the Lord Chancellor, a well-known cardinal, the Chief Justice, or even his Excellency himself; and as for Ariadne, Nina almost expired from her curiosity to see her. Three o'clock passed, and five minutes more in this state of agony of suspense, and George was thinking of going home, when a step was heard coming down the winding walk, the step of a man, and the cousins peered anxiously out of the bushes.

"Halloo! Why, here's the governor!" said George, almost aloud, in the excess of his surprise. "What on earth can the old boy be doing down here?"

"Uncle!" exclaimed Nina, at the same time disappointed. "It is very awkward; he will certainly drive our friends away; besides, if he was to discover us here!" and she blushed at the notion.

"By Jove! that would never do," observed George, in no little alarm. In fact, the very thought of so unwelcome a surprise as this filled him with terror, and he would have gladly run away, but it was now too late. Nina correctly judged, from his pale face and the anxious expression it wore, what was in his thoughts, and began to cry silently—a woman's great resource in vexation of spirit.

Meanwhile Mr. Fitzgerald, senior, strolled jauntily down the path, twirling a cane with one nicely gloved hand, and arranging his wig with the other. He was dressed, as usual, with great care, and was so padded and squeezed by his tailor and valet that at a distance he might have well passed for a man of five-and-twenty. It was only when one detected the brown wig and false teeth, and the wrinkles so carefully disguised on his old visage, that speculation as to his age became impossible, although some persons guessed it at a hundred. He wore a dark blue frock-coat, white waistcoat, and duck trowsers strapped tight over his dainty polished boots. His stiff collar was encircled by a handsome white and blue scarf, and his hat was brushed so beautifully that there was not a bit of fluff on the whole of it. Altogether "Old George" was what in vulgar parlance is called "a tremendous swell," and appeared self-conscious of the fact. Somewhat to the relief of his son and niece—

perdus in the bushes—he passed the bench without even glancing at it, and walked to the bear's cage, where he was saluted with a rumbling growl that seemed to come from the depths of its occupant's stomach. Mr. Fitzgerald, senior, paused before Bruin, and examined the animal critically through his eyeglass, the bear returning the compliment with interest. But the old beau soon fell into a fit of abstraction over this inspection, and, humming an air from the *Traviata*, tapped his trowser legs with the cane he held behind his back. The two cousins were so intent on watching his movements that they never noticed a new arrival upon the scene; but at length Nina, happening to look round, could scarcely suppress a scream on seeing her aunt seated on the bench.

"George! George! aunt! aunt!" was all she could stutter under her breath, and it is almost needless to say that if George was agitated by the presence of his father, he was now ten times more so by the near proximity of a lady to whom it would be impossible to explain the anomalous situation in which he found himself. For an officer of the British army, he displayed a trepidation truly scandalous, nor was it without sundry pinches, and a forcible clutching of his coat tails, that Nina, now brave in desperation, was able to restrain him from running madly away. It was in vain that the cousins cudgeled their brains to account for the presence of Mrs. Villiers in such a spot. If there had been a band playing, or an open-air meeting, or any dissipation, religious or secular, going on, there would have been nothing surprising in the phenomenon; but that Mrs. Villiers should choose to come and walk all alone in the Zoological Gardens in a blue silk dress, and a bonnet adorned with rose-buds, was indeed a circumstance so astonishing that Nina half forgot her fright in admiration of her aunt's toilet. Not so our gallant young Hussar. That officer tried to make himself as small as possible by kneeling on the hard clods in the shrubbery, and in this attempt he made such a rustle that his father threw a large stone at him, supposing, no doubt, that he was a goose, or some of the water-fowl that had strayed off the lake. The stone rattled among the branches within a foot of young George's head, and he was expecting another when haply his parent observed the lady on the bench, and approached her with much caution. The old beau was a wag in his way, and perhaps thought to surprise Mrs. Villiers, for he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his wig, then placed the hat behind his back, and stole toward her upon tiptoe so carefully as hardly to crush a daisy in his stealthy approach.

"He is going to blindfold her with his hands," whispered Nina.

"And kiss her if she can't tell who he is," answered George in the same tone.

And apparently, if this was his design, the old beau must be successful, for the lady on the bench never moved, but sat, with her face to the lake, and her back to the den, reading a book under the shade of her parasol. She seemed quite unconscious of every thing going on in the background, and her start was quite natural, when "Old George," with bated breath, laid his hand on her shoulder, and peered under her parasol. Start! did we say? This is no adequate expression for what occurred. Those who have seen Sir Roger de Coverley dance boisterously in the servants' hall, or two billiard-balls carroming, the one off the other, may have some faint idea of the manner in which Mrs. Villiers rebounded, so to say, off Mr. Fitzgerald, who, for his part, staggered back as if shot, dropping his hat in his confusion. For a moment they stood staring at each other, the bench between them, and then the lady spoke.

"Why, Mr. Fitzgerald, what in the name of every thing surprising are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? You ask me what I am doing here?" he stammered. "Well, I came to see the bear."

"To see the bear!" repeated Mrs. Villiers in unaffected surprise; "surely you are jesting."

"Not at all. In fact, he is an old friend; quite an old friend, I may say. But, my dear Mrs. Villiers, may I put a similar question. What brought *you* here?"

"Oh! I was driving through the park, and I thought it looked so pleasant and cool under the trees that I might as well read away an hour here, so came in, and here I am, you see."

"Old George" coughed dubiously as she offered to make room for him beside her, but he sat down nevertheless in obedience to her gesture to do so.

"Well, I say, this *is* a go!" whispered George to Nina. "How long are they going to sit there? Ah, my poor knees!"

"Do you know what, George; I'm beginning to suspect."

"Oh! you are, are you? What?"

"That you and I have made a mess of it."

"Tell us something new," he whispered, satirically.

"That we have got hold of the right parties and the wrong parties in one."

"How enigmatical you are!"

"You stupid fellow, can't you see what I mean?"

"No, that I can't."

"Why, that Uncle George and Aunt Villiers are Adonis and Ariadne!"

"Nonsense! It can't be!" whispered he, aghast.

"It looks very like it. That's all I can say!"

And after a pause George was obliged to confess that it did look very like it—very much indeed.

"It's a sweet spot this," observed Mrs. Villiers meanwhile, in the hearing of the conspirators. "Do you frequently come here to see your old friend the bear?"

"About as often as you do to read," retorted "Old George," rather gruffly.

In fact, he was just then thinking that he was cutting a rather ridiculous figure on the scene, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it.

"I believe George and Nina are in the park to-day," observed Mrs. Villiers. "By-the-way, you have not told me any thing lately about that projected match for your boy."

"What? Mrs. Mustard? Any man but a fool, as that boy is, would have had the widow long ago. Fifteen hundred a year, all her own to do what she likes with, and not a bad-looking woman either."

Here Nina drew herself a little away from George, and Mrs. Villiers looked round at the noise.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Some bird or brute," replied the father, carelessly. "I threw a stone in there just now."

"Indeed it is time that George was settled in life," said Mrs. Villiers, languidly. "And Nina too; don't you think so?"

"Certainly. Have you thought of a *parti*?"

"Yes; there is Mr. Bogie, for instance; an excellent man."

Young George rustled here, and again Mrs. Villiers cast her eyes toward the shrubbery.

"Bogie! the dissenting minister from the North? Never do, never do for such a girl; but there is the Count De Crepites, now—"

"A card-sharper, and as old as the hills," rejoined Mrs. Villiers, indignantly.

"Not so, but an excellent whist-player and a fine income," cried "Old George."

"This is pleasant," whispered Nina in the bushes, hysterically, "isn't it?"

"Very much so," answered the Hussar, coldly, for he was feeling jealous.

"At one time," observed Mrs. Villiers, "I thought Nina was inclined to encourage Mr. Bogie, but no doubt your son laughed her out of an excellent match and a most worthy man. Sometimes, Mr. Fitzgerald, my conscience reproaches me for allowing them to go about so much together."

"No fear, ma'am, no fear whatever. My boy does not care a farthing rush-light for the girl; told me so himself."

At this insult Nina moved so hastily away from her cousin, who was supporting her with his arm, that the noise was considerable. "Old George" turned round, and Mrs. Villiers handing him a large clod which lay at her feet, he threw it into the bushes, covering the cousins with dirt and gravel, and causing a small hail-storm to fall in the branches.

"It is shameful this! to be pelted with stones and clods by one's own governor," said the Hussar, with indignation.

"And to have one's aunt handing the missiles," whispered Nina, between laughing and crying. "See! there is ever so much mud in my eye."

While her cousin was silently trying to extract this with his handkerchief, the elders resumed their conversation.

"It is nothing, after all," observed Mrs. Villiers; "only a blackbird, perhaps."

"No, no," continued the old beau, "George has his faults, but love for his cousin is not one of them. But he is a good-looking fellow; very fair chip of the old block, eh? and a girl might easily be taken with him."

"Not Nina," replied Mrs. Villiers, "I think. She has often spoken to me of George as a feather-pated good-for-nothing, unworthy the consideration of any sensible woman."

This was indeed true, but Nina had so spoken only to mislead her aunt. She could now hardly dare to meet her cousin's indignant gaze, but sat cowering and blushing with downcast head on the clods and rubbish.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Villiers, "it would be quite impossible for the two to marry, since Nina can have nothing but what I choose to give her."

"Old George" was silent for a little, but after a pause he said,

"And if it's not an indiscreet question, Mrs. Villiers, how much might that be?"

"No, no, Mr. Fitzgerald, only my lawyer is acquainted with my affairs; but you need entertain no doubts of my solvency."

"Never! Such a thought never entered my head for one moment. Ah, Mrs. Villiers, I *wonder* what brought you here to-day?"

"My carriage."

"My dear creature, now shall I tell you a secret? It was *this*," and so saying, "Old George" audaciously placed an arm round the widow's waist, offering her a letter with the other hand.

Nina looked impressively at young Fitzgerald.

"Did I not say so?" she whispered.

"Ay, indeed; a nice hash we have made of the whole business," said he, biting his lip angrily.

"Hush!" whispered Nina. "Listen to what aunt says."

"And is it possible that you are Adonis?" observed Mrs. Villiers, with a laugh.

"As sure as you are Ariadne," he replied, with emphasis.

"But, excuse me, you are not, you know, so young as this advertisement sets forth."

"My dear madam," replied "Old George," slyly, "neither are you."

"I said I was not under thirty, which is the truth," she said, hastily.

"Thirty!" groaned young Fitzgerald in the bushes. "Fifty!"

"Youth is not essential to a happy home, however," observed "Old George," "and that, you say, was your object in advertising. 'Pon my word, my dear, I think I could make you a very happy home. Now what do you think?"

He took the widow's hand between his own here, and patted it tenderly.

"But why did you adopt so unprecedented a course as to advertise for a wife?" asked the lady. "Of course we are too old to talk nonsense about love, but surely you might have said all this without putting it in the paper first."

"My dear, I never put an advertisement in a paper in my life; I only answered yours when it appeared, you see."

"Strange!" observed Mrs. Villiers, reflectively; "the same thing occurred with me. I only answered yours. I fear, my good friend, that we are the victims of a hoax."

"Hoax! Let me see the man that dared to hoax me," cried "Old George," in a rage. "Only let me catch hold of him. But no, there can be no hoax; the affair resolves itself into a coincidence, that's all, a coincidence, and, permit me to think, a fortunate one."

So saying, "Old George," having first put his hand to his mouth, to see perchance if his teeth were in their places, deliberately kissed Mrs. Villiers, staidly, and with a good deal of smack.

Now it was at this very moment of all others that young Fitzgerald, in agony from the acute pain produced by a sharp stone he was kneeling upon, withdrew his support for a second from Nina. The latter lost her balance, and, her feet catching in the skirts of her habit, she fell forward among the branches, producing no little noise in her fall. The elderly lovers on the bench jumped out of their tender embrace with wonderful alacrity, Mrs. Villiers leaning against a tree with covered face and in great agitation, while "Old George," shaking his cane in a threatening manner, approached the covert.

"Take care!" exclaimed Mrs. Villiers at this juncture; "it may be your friend the bear got loose."

"Old George" paused. He was not deficient in courage, but it might be a wild animal, and he had only a walking-cane.

At this moment, struck by a happy thought, his dutiful son in the bushes gave vent to a growl so ominous that "Old George" stepped back a few paces in alarm, while Mrs. Villiers fairly ran away down the walk, screaming as she went.

Fitzgerald, who had been a promising pupil of a professional gentleman who could imitate all the animals of the farm-yard, improved the occasion to send a parting growl after her, and with such effect that "Old George" too fairly turned tail, and with, as his son remarked, "small blame to him."

"But we must get out of this at once, Nina," he said, "for there is the governor roaring for the keepers, and they will be down directly. Hark to him! 'The bear is loose! the bear is loose! take care of yourselves!' Just what we will do, my Pater."

He scrambled out of his uncomfortable position without loss of time, and with Nina. They hurried away in the opposite direction until they got well out of sight, when they climbed the terrace and walked unconcernedly to their horses. On the way they passed a number of gardeners and keepers, armed with scythes and pitchforks, making toward the bear's den, and as they cantered by the Constabulary Barracks they saw a detachment of police getting quickly under arms for the purpose of shooting poor Bruin. Of Mrs. Villiers or "Old George" they saw nothing, and did not stay to inquire as to their whereabouts.

"Dear aunt," said Nina, a few days after these occurrences, "I love George Fitzgerald."

"Hoity-toity! is the girl mad?" cried Mrs. Villiers. "Love in a cottage, indeed!"

"But you will give us an income, aunt; for you are a dear, good, kind aunt," said Nina, coaxingly.

"That I won't, not one penny!"

"What, aunt! Not if I tell the bear in the Zoological Gardens?" said Nina, archly.

Mrs. Villiers changed color, and left the room abruptly.

The same day young George was walking down Kildare Street with "Old George," arm in arm.

"Sir," said the younger gentleman, "I am going to marry my cousin!"

"The dence you are!" cried "Old George," stopping short. "Not if I know it. You shall marry Mrs. Mustard, or no one."

"See here, Sir!" said the son, decidedly, "if you don't approve of the match, I'll complain to the bear in the Zoological Gardens."

"Old George" stared at his son aghast. Then he darted into his club with an agility surprising for one of his years.

There were many cogitations between Mr. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Villiers after this, and much business with lawyers, but it all ended in the marriage of the cousins, who went to India upon a comfortable income allowed them by "Old George" and Mrs. Villiers. For these two also became one some time afterward, to the amusement of all their friends, and as George the younger wrote home from Huggermugger in the East Indies, "If Ursa Major did not smile on their nuptials, he should have done so." To which "Old George" retorted, "that he found less of the bear in his wedded state than he expected," and is, in fact, upon the whole, much indebted to that animal.

GENTLE MARY.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Her hair was like the beaten gold,
Or like the spider's spinning;
It was in her you might behold
My joys' and woes' beginning.
Her eyes were like the diamond bright;
Her form was light, 'twas like a fairy
That flits across the woods at night:
And this was gentle Mary.

She danced into my willing heart
With steps so light and airy,
I said, "My dear, we'll never part,
My own, my gentle Mary."
But off she flew like morning dew
That sunbeams call—and would not tarry.
Now all my light is turned to night
For want of gentle Mary.

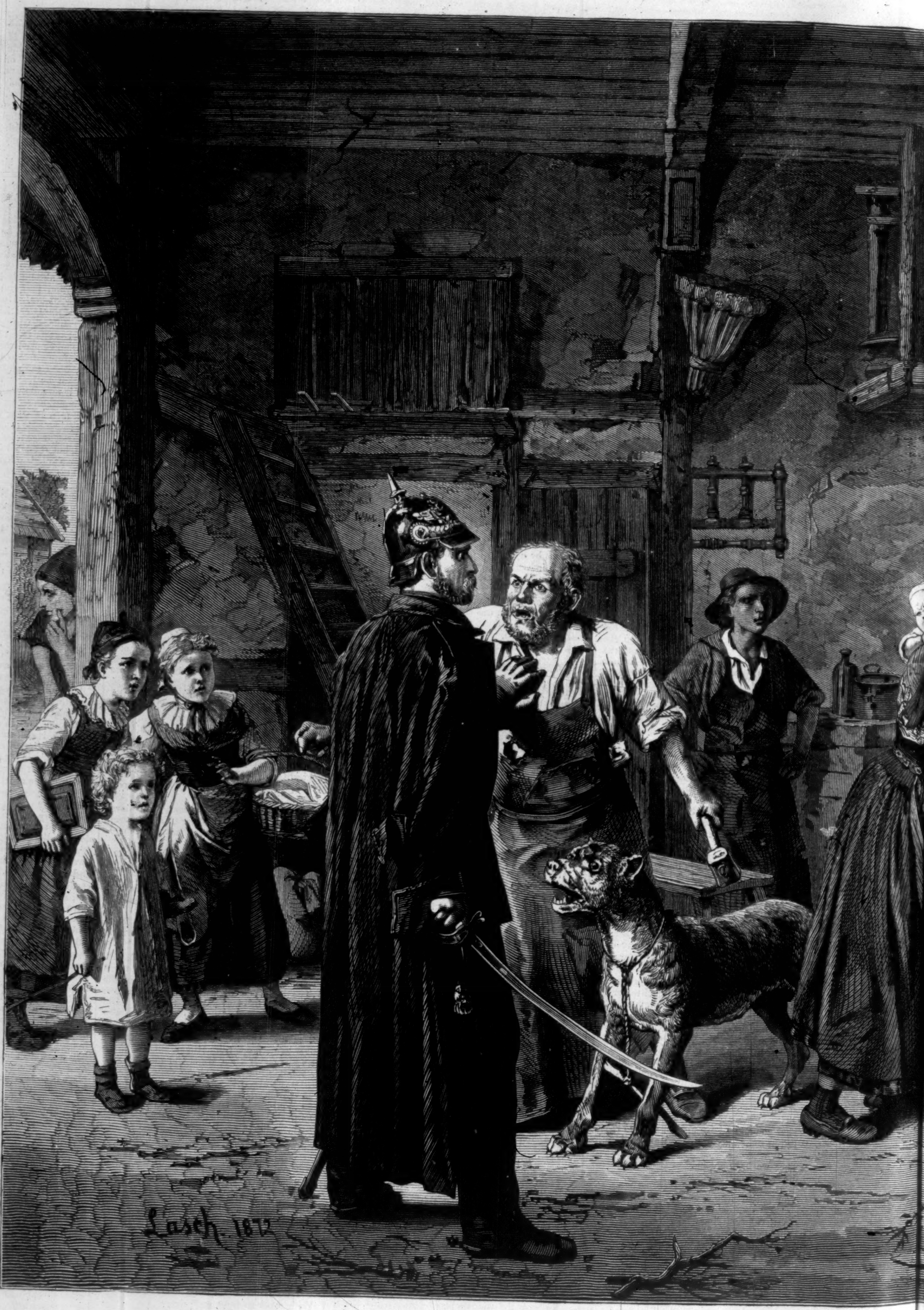
AN OLD TRAVELER.

In the first quarter of the fourteenth century the spirit of the Middle Ages fairly melted into another train of thought. One of the "first men of the century" was Sir John Mandeville, knight, of St. Albans, physician, philosopher, and soldier. He commenced the travels which have immortalized his name at a noteworthy period. Joinville and Marco Polo, representatives of the military and commercial schools of travelers, were just dead, as Mandeville, a wandering free lance with a scientific turn—an educated Dugald Dalgetty—started on a tour which lasted for three-and-thirty years. A fervent Christian and a pilgrim to the Holy Sepulchre, then in Saracenic hands, Mandeville was yet a thorough soldier of fortune, and served the Soldan of Babylon (Cairo) so well that this powerful ruler offered to marry the English knight to a Paynim princess if he would only forswear his country and his faith.

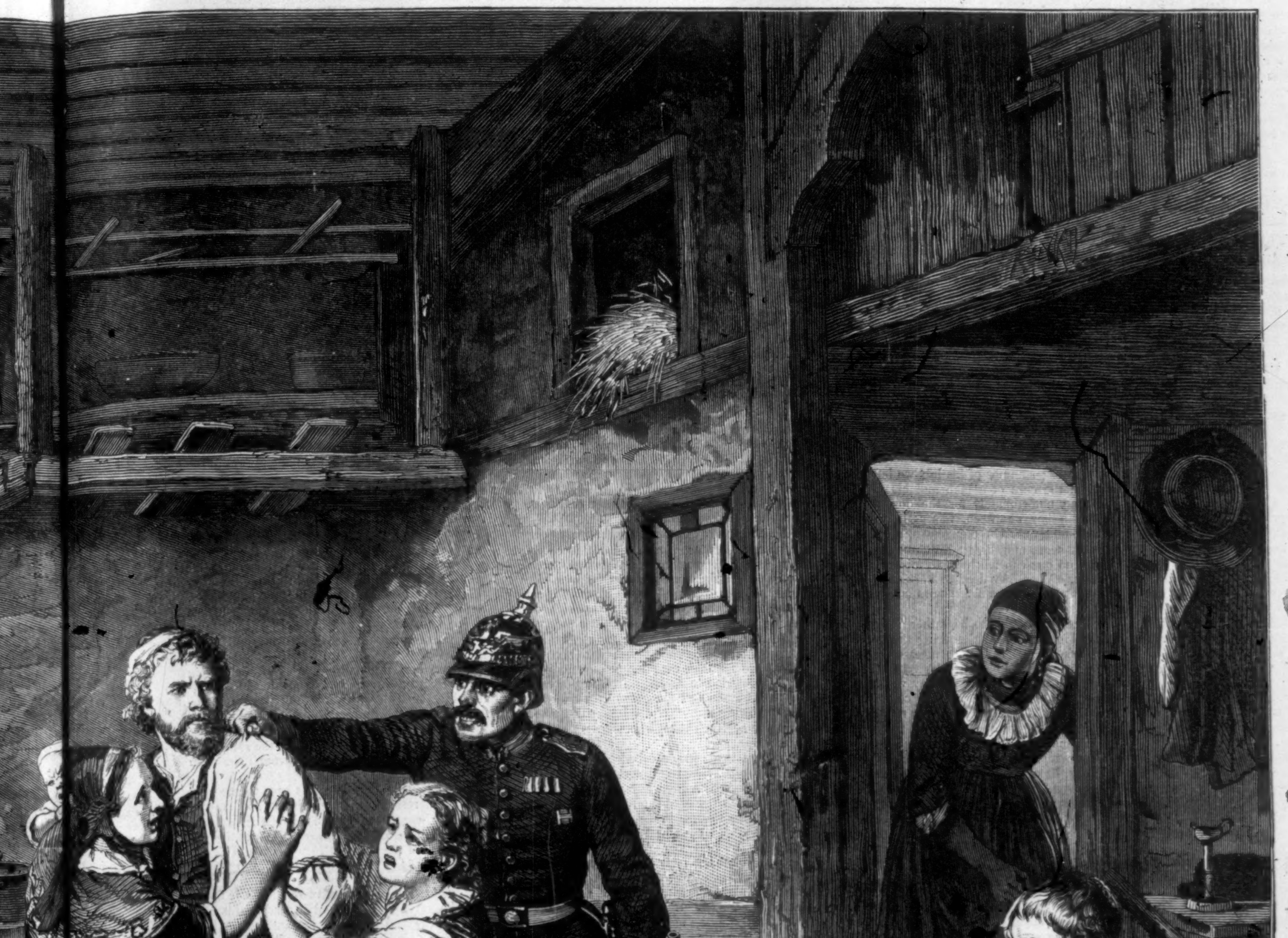
The year of his birth is not exactly known, and the time of his death is variously placed from 1371 to 1382, although the place of his decease was undoubtedly Liege. His own book throws little light on his career. Beyond the incidental mention of his serving in the army of the Soldan of Babylon, whom he appears to have forsaken about 1341, and a subsequent allusion to his having seen part of India, and to his having served for a short space the Grand Khan, the knight leaves us absolutely in the dark as to what he did beyond performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. He appears to have visited the court of the Great Khan of the Mongols, for he says distinctly, when speaking of the mechanical peacocks at the Great Khan's table, who "danced, sang, and clapped their wings together," that he busied himself "to learn the craft" of making them, when the master excused himself on the plea that he had "made a vow to his god to teach it no creature but only to his eldest son." This anecdote seems to indicate that Mandeville was a man of some consequence at the Mongol court; albeit his evident borrowings from Marco Polo encourage a belief that he was never there at all, but compiled his account of the Tartars, like many of his other narratives, from older and well-known authors. His book, indeed, is altogether a curious composition. Professing to be an itinerary of the Holy Land, it is a huge compound of what he saw and what he heard; and, although he occasionally prefaces an unusually tough story with "they say," he gives his personal authority to many astounding stories, and mixes his actual and "hearsay" evidence together in a way at once amusing and perplexing.

On visiting Cyprus he records a curious version of a story in the *Decameron*, and describes a custom of hunting with "papyons," described by some commentators as "large wild dogs;" but as Mandeville says they resemble leopards, there can be little doubt that the practice of hunting with the "cheetah" had, in the Middle Ages, penetrated as far west as Cyprus. At Joppa or Jaffa were many wonders, among which "may still be seen the place where the iron chains were fastened with which Andromeda—a great giant!—was bound and put in prison before Noah's flood, a rib of whose side, which is forty feet long, is still shown." Mandeville is profuse in his description of the Holy Land, where he probably abode for a while, but is more to be relied on, so far as he confines himself to what he saw, when he speaks of Egypt. Curiously confounding the modern Babylon (Cairo) with the ancient city of that name, he fails not to recount the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and then, immediately after, proceeds to describe the actual residence of the Sultan under whom he served for many years: "The Sultan dwells in his Calahelyke in a fair castle, strong and great, and well set upon a rock. In that castle dwell always, to keep it and serve the Sultan, more than six thousand persons, who receive here all necessaries from the Sultan's court. I ought to know it well, for I dwelt a great while with him as soldier in his wars against the Bedouins; and he would have married me full highly to a great prince's daughter if I would have forsaken my law and my belief. But I thank God that I had no will to do it for any thing that he promised me."

His account of Paradise is curious: "Of Paradise I can not speak properly, for I was not there. It is far beyond [the realms of Prester John], and I repent not going there, but I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will. Terrestrial Paradise, as wise men say, is the highest place of the earth; and it is so high that it nearly touches the circle of the moon there, as the moon makes her turn; for it is so high that the flood of Noah might not come to it, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and above and beneath except Paradise. And this Paradise is inclosed all about with a wall, and men know not whereof it is; for the wall is covered all over with moss, as it seems; and it seems not that the wall is natural stone. And that wall stretches from the south to the north, and it has but one entry, which is closed with burning fire, so that no man that is mortal dare enter. And in the highest place of Paradise, exactly in the middle, is a well that casts out the four streams which run by divers lands, of which the first is called Pison or Ganges, that runs throughout India; and the other is called Nile or Gyson, which goes through Ethiopia and after through Egypt; and the other is called Tigris, which runs by Assyria and by Armenia the Great; and the other is called Euphrates, which runs through Media, Armenia, and Persia. And men there beyond say that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning from the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go."



THE ARREST.



ARREST.—[SEE PAGE 1082.]

THE ARREST.

OUR double-page illustration, engraved from an admirable picture by the German painter LASCH, exhibited in 1872, tells its own story so well that no explanation is necessary to make it clearer. Observe with what skill every detail is made to contribute to the effect and heighten the interest of the scene—the deserter's wife, with the child in her arms, clinging frantically to her husband and appealing vainly to the soldier who holds him in his firm grasp; the father, a sturdy blacksmith, expostulating with the sergeant; the old mother, bent with sorrow; the school-children looking in at the open door; and the faithful mastiff that threatens to spring at the officer. Nothing is wanting to make the story complete.

HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

CHAPTER II.

REASON.

A LADY who has a great fondness for animals, especially dogs, has kindly sent me a few anecdotes relating to traits of character among her pets. The following have been selected as examples of reason in the dog, though other traits are also manifest.

"Poor old Pincher! His name was most old-fashioned and unaristocratic, and he was one of the occupants of our stable-yard, and never allowed to enter the house. His education was totally neglected and uncared for. He was a middle-sized, smooth-haired, black terrier, and had acquired some peculiar ways of his own.

"In his time we were in the habit of spending about two days per week at our country-house, ten miles distant from Canterbury. Pincher generally accompanied our carriage, and seemed to enjoy these country days as much as any of us. On one occasion home engagements had prevented us from paying our accustomed visit to Harnden. Pincher disapproved of the alteration, as he started off with the carriage as usual; but when he found our destination was not Harnden, he refused to follow, but turned off to the house, went the whole distance (mystifying the servants there, who expected us to follow), remained there until evening, and then returned home.

"Years later the poor dog became too old to accomplish the whole distance. He could not walk, and would not ride; so he adopted the expedient of going about half-way with us, always waiting at the same spot until our return, and then following us home."

"A little Scotch terrier, named 'Pepper,' one of our former pets, was, like most of his relatives, a capital fellow for hunting a rat, a cat, or a mouse. He was our companion when calling on an old lady, where I thought we could take him without any fear of his hunting propensity causing annoyance, as I knew she had no living pet of any description. We had scarcely entered the spacious drawing-room, when, from underneath an Indian cabinet at the extreme end of the room, our dog Pepper saw two large glassy, yellow eyes glaring at him with more than natural ferocity. Without waiting to use his power of scent, he rushed fiercely on his imagined foe, which fell lifeless at his feet, Pepper retreating to our side, hanging down his tail, and looking more like the vanquished than the victor.

"Do any of my readers remember those now unmade cats of pasteboard and black velvet texture, those now non-existent ornaments of former days? Such was Pepper's foe. Dogs know well enough when they are the objects of ridicule, and, finding we were all laughing at his discomfiture, he returned to the velvet pussy, and in playful mood carried her round the room, evidently wishing to hide his mistake by convincing us that it had only been a sham-fight from the beginning."

The action of the dog here is very human, and it behaved just as a clever child might be expected to do when it had been deceived, and was afraid of ridicule. In the next anecdote the reasoning powers of a dog are seen to be at fault, as they sometimes are with human beings.

"The dog which we now have, though not an equestrian like his predecessor, is exceedingly fond of carriage drives; and if a well-appointed carriage should draw up, he will often stop, and look up most pleadingly at the coachman to have the door opened. Of course he has had many drives with us in cabs, but he never of his own accord enters one of these vehicles.

"We have been lately staying in town, and the day after our arrival we went out, followed by our little dog. We had just passed through one of the large squares, when we missed our favorite. With only a faint hope of finding him, we retraced our steps to the square, where a handsome carriage, with coachman and footman, was drawn up at the door of one of its most stately mansions. We asked the footman if he had seen a little white Maltese dog in the square. 'Yes, madam: as soon as Lady C—— got out of the carriage, he jumped in so quickly that I had not time to prevent him, seated himself on the cushion, and defied me to remove him.'

"There he was, evidently waiting for us. Just at that moment her ladyship came out of the house, accompanied by her little pug-dog. In jumped the pug, down jumped the Maltese, and there was a sharp fight, which was ended by my removal of the usurper. We were only too glad to find him again, and Lady C—— said, good-naturedly, that he deserved a drive for his determination."

"A few years ago we left our household, in the old city of Canterbury, in the charge of a man and his wife, who also undertook the care of a little Maltese spaniel, named 'Joey.'

"On one rough, blustering December night, when the inhabitants were in their profoundest slumbers, a tremendous 'bang' resounded through the house, awaking all its inmates, including Joey, just as the cathedral clock struck the midnight hour. Men and maids rushed hither and thither; but no evident cause could be found for the alarm, every door and window being perfectly secure.

"After the first disturbance had subsided, Joey returned to the quietude of his own basket, with evident disgust at the unusual and, in his opinion, uncalled-for commotion, and refused to take any part in the search.

"At last he was forcibly put into the garden as an advanced guard, but he flatly declined to move a step. All joined in upbraiding him. 'Joey was lazy!' 'Joey was a coward!' 'Joey was no use as a watch-dog!' And one of the servants expressed an opinion that he had been drugged by thieves, and that she had noticed a drowsiness on the preceding day. Next morning it was found that the large old-fashioned clock in the lobby did not strike the hour as usual. The fact was, that the weight which drove the striking part of the machinery had broken away from its cord, had fallen into the bottom of the case, and had produced the sound which had startled the house."

The dog evidently knew that no danger was signified by the sound, and so declined to trouble himself about the matter. This was the more remarkable, as he was the wariest and most suspicious of dogs. He would never compose himself to sleep unless the shutters of the garden-door were properly closed, and used to bark and growl at the door until it was made secure.

"In a former letter to you I mentioned my little dog Joey.

"The last summer of his life, we left him as usual in the care of a man and his wife; but this time, unfortunately for the dog, their son George, a boy of fifteen, was at home for his school holidays. On our return, after an absence of some months, no little Joey welcomed us, and no one can tell how we missed his merry voice. Was Joey dead or ill? No; he was only shut up in a room up stairs until after our arrival.

"We thought this to be rather a mysterious proceeding, and, on our entering the room, the poor little animal rushed to meet us, and then fell down powerless in a fit. The first time that George came into the room, Joey walked up to him, stared him in the face, and commenced a series of growls, looking at us every now and then as if to ask whether we understood him.

"Whenever the boy entered the room this scene was repeated, and, even if we took Joey in our arms, he continued to growl, and seemed as if he thought that we ought to growl also. At the time we could not interpret his meaning; but we afterward discovered that the boy had given him a blow on the head, which caused him to have fits whenever excited, and at last caused his death. How plainly did he tell us who had injured him!"

In neither of these cases was instinct in the least concerned, the whole proceedings being dictated by reason, and reason alone. In the first instance the dog knew whence proceeded the sound which had alarmed the house, reasoned with himself that there was no cause for alarm, and, though he would have been in a paroxysm of barks if danger had really impended, he went back to his couch, and declined to trouble himself. In the second case the poor little creature, not possessing human language, tried to make his friends understand, by a language of signs, that he had been injured by the boy. The language was singularly expressive, and would have been at once understood, were it not that his mistress was herself so kind to animals that she never suspected that any one could be capable of doing the dog a willful injury.

I know several instances where domestic animals have discovered that there was something wrong in the arrangements of the house, and have called attention to it. There is a little dog belonging to one of my friends, who one night became very importunate, pulling the skirt of his mistress's dress, and insisting on her returning down stairs. She was rather alarmed; but the dog drew her to the greenhouse door, which he evidently meant to be opened. On unlocking the door, she found that she had forgotten to turn off the gas. The little dog had been accustomed to see the gas turned off before the family went to bed, and was too conservative to allow any change.

Cats are not generally considered as house guardians, but that they can act as such the following anecdote will show.

A lady had a very strong objection to "followers," and forbade her servants to receive a man into the house. One evening she was sitting in the drawing-room, when she heard the cat mewing and scratching at the door, as if for admittance. She opened the door; but the cat would not enter, and evidently wished to be followed down stairs. She then descended the stairs, and led her mistress into the kitchen, where was the obnoxious "follower."

This anecdote shows also that the animal must have been able to understand human language, or otherwise she could not have known that her mistress had forbidden strange men to enter the house.

Here is a similar example, which was communicated to me by a lady. "Did I tell you that my dog Tiny once found that the house-maid had forgotten to shut a closet door in a bedroom at the top of the house? He came to me, made me follow him, and showed me the open door."

In the two following anecdotes, the action of the dog can only be attributed to reason, and that of no mean character.

The first anecdote was sent to me by one of the principals in a well-known engineering firm.

"I once lost a sovereign, in a bet which I made that a wonderful little dog would not take a penny off a red-hot bar of iron. The dog belonged to an iron-monger at Knighton, Radnorshire. The dog was in the habit of searching for pence purposely hidden in the shop, and, when found, taking them to a baker's shop and getting buns in exchange. He quite knew the right-sized bun, and used to keep his paw on the penny until he got it.

"A bar was heated red hot, and no sooner was the penny laid on it than the dog, without the least hesitation, dashed at it. By some means which I could not see, because it was done so quickly, the dog knocked the penny off the bar, and then sat down quietly by it until the coin was cool. Its look of perfect self-satisfaction was most absurd."

Some years ago there was a dog at Margate which also knew the use of money. He used to beg for pence, and take them to a baker to be exchanged for biscuits, at a shop in the narrow, hilly lane which is pleased to assume the title of High Street. One day the baker, wishing to see how the dog would behave if he played the animal a practical joke, took his penny and gave him a burned biscuit. Next time that the dog had a penny, he took it to the baker as usual, showed it to him, and then went off to another baker who lived nearly opposite. This he afterward did invariably, showing the penny to the baker who had offended him, and then transferring his custom to the rival on the opposite side of the narrow street.

The whole of those proceedings were dictated by pure reason, and instinct had nothing to do with them. It was, in fact, doing on a small scale precisely what the dog's master would have done on a large scale, if a tradesman had taken his money and given him a bad article for it. He would have withdrawn his custom from the offender, and given it to another man who he thought would serve him more honestly.

No one can say that instinct had any thing to do with these proceedings, the dog in each case deducing a conclusion from premises, and deducing them rightly. Had a child acted in the same manner, we should have thought it a very clever child; but we certainly should have attributed its action to reason, and not to instinct: and I do not see that we have any right to attribute reason to the one and to deny it to the other.

We are familiar with many instances where dogs have tried to assist their fellow-creatures, whether human or belonging to their own kind. The following history of a suicide's dog was sent to me by a Scotch lady, who takes a great interest in dogs.

"There is a cottage called 'Blaw-weary,' on the farm of C——, the property of the Marquis of T——. This cottage is just on the other side of our march fence, about half a mile from our house on the west.

"A shepherd lived in Blaw-weary some four years ago (about 1868), and one day he and his colly dog went out early in the morning, according to their custom. At breakfast-time the dog returned alone, looking miserable, and would eat nothing. After remaining a few minutes he went out again, the man's wife, who was at home, suspecting nothing. At dinner-time the dog came back again, also alone, and 'banged through the hoose,' as his mistress said.

"Presently he went out, and soon came in again, making piteous efforts to attract attention. The assistant shepherd followed the dog, and was taken straight to a small clump of trees in the neighborhood, on one of which was hanging his master, quite dead. The poor dog would not allow any one to touch the body; and it was not until after he had been overpowered and led away, that the corpse could be removed from the branch on which the wretched man had hanged himself."

Here we have a story which is exceedingly valuable, as it shows not only that the dog possessed reason, but is another proof that the reason will sometimes suddenly fail exactly when it seemed to have been most successful. The poor animal had evidently witnessed his master's dying struggles, and, feeling himself unable to help, had gone to his house for assistance. Having obtained that help, however, he could not understand that any one could touch his beloved master without intending to injure him. Many medical men have met with similar experiences, the dog bringing assistance to his helpless master, and then not suffering any one to touch him.

Probably the animal felt that his master was dead, and that no one could restore him to life.

The following stories illustrating the reasoning powers of dogs have been sent to me from Scotland, where dog nature seems to be better appreciated than in England.

"A retriever, named 'Bevis,' an old favorite of our own, was in the habit of going for a walk before breakfast with my father. One morning it so happened that my father did not intend to take his usual walk. Bevis soon became very impatient, and, seeing no signs of his master, he got upon a chair in the hall, took his master's hat off its peg, carried it up to his room, and then scratched at the door for admission. As soon as the door was opened, in walked Bevis, laid the hat at his master's feet, and pushed his nose into his hand. It was entirely his own idea, as he had not even been taught to fetch a hat."

"Another dog of ours, a little Maltese poodle, named 'Pop,' was unusually full of tricks and oddities.

"He was fond of a game at hide-and-seek, a key being hidden for him, while he buried his face in the sofa-cushions. Sometimes he would be guilty of cheating, and would slyly peep out to see where the key was being hidden; but when reproached with the two simple words, 'Oh, Pop!' he would put down his head again, and be very much ashamed of himself."

The reader can compare with this story several anecdotes of a similar character related in the chapter headed "Humor."

The following anecdote, which was sent by the same correspondent, affords a good example of wrong reasoning, *i. e.*, drawing an incorrect conclusion from the premises.

"A colly dog, named 'Moss,' belonging to a farmer, had excited the admiration of a drover who was helping the shepherd to bring home cattle to the farm. The drover asked to be allowed to borrow Moss for a few days, to help him in getting some cattle from another market to Burntisland.

"The dog, being on friendly terms with the drover, went willingly, and gave his help in bringing the cattle on their journey. On their return, they had to pass the spot where the road to Burntisland branches off from that which led to his own farm; Moss refused to go any farther on the Burntisland road. Not only this, but he would not allow the drover to take the cattle any farther, and the man was at last obliged to let the dog deliver the cattle at his master's farm."

The process of reasoning is quite evident here. The dog had always known that any property of which he had been placed in charge belonged to his master, and consequently brought the cattle to his master's farm. His reasoning was correct enough, but one of his premises was false.

Here is another example of reasoning in a dog. Several successive litters of puppies had been taken from their mother, a little terrier. When the next litter was expected, she left the house, and was not seen again for some time.

At last she returned, bringing with her in great pomp a whole retinue of fine healthy puppies. It appeared that she had hidden herself in a rabbit-burrow, evidently knowing that, if she could only conceal her puppies until they were able to shift for themselves, no harm would come to them. The result proved that she had been perfectly correct in her interpretation of her master's character.

"One day my dog 'Bosco' wished to ascertain if the roast beef still stood upon the passage-table at the dining-room door. He stood on his hind legs, jumped up, but all in vain. So, after thinking a little, he ran a short way up stairs, pushed his head through the balusters, looked down, and, after ascertaining that there was only pudding on the table, returned quietly to the parlor."

I have known a King Charles spaniel act in very much the same way, except that in the latter case the dish which the dog wanted to inspect was on the dining-room table. After trying in vain to see what was on the table, he went out of the room, went half-way up the stairs, and so took a survey of the table through the open doorway.

The following anecdote was sent to me by a gentleman resident in the neighborhood of the locality where the adventure occurred.

"There is a water-mill, called Maxwellheugh, on the side of the road between Kelso and Teviot bridges. It is driven by a conduit of water from the Teviot immediately before its junction with the Tweed, and consists of two flats. The upper flat is on a level with the public road, and is called the 'Upper Mill,' while entrance to the lower flat, or 'Under Mill,' was reached by a cart-road descending from the highway.

"The first thing the miller did in the morning was to unchain the dog. He immediately placed himself on guard across the upper doorway while the miller proceeded with his work in the Under Mill. As soon as the miller had finished his work there, and removed to the Upper Mill, the dog, without being told, set off to the miller's house, and in two journeys brought his master's breakfast, namely, milk in a pitcher and porridge in a 'bicker,' tied up in a towel.

"On one occasion, when the Teviot and the Tweed were in flood, a little dog ventured incautiously into the Tweed, and was rapidly carried down the stream, struggling and yelping as it was hurried along.

"It so happened that the miller's dog, while carrying his master's breakfast to him, saw the little dog in distress. He immediately put down his burden, turned, and set off at full gallop down the stream. When he had got well below the drowning dog, he sprang into the river, swam across; and so exactly had he calculated the rapidity of the river and his own speed, that he intercepted the little dog, as it was being helplessly swept down the current, and brought it safely to land. "When he got his burden safely on shore, the dog, instead of displaying the least affection for it, cuffed it first with one paw and then with the other, and returned to the spot where he had deposited his master's breakfast, and carried it to him as usual."

How is it possible to refer the proceedings of this animal to mere instinct? Had a negro slave performed them, we should have used them (and with perfect justice) as arguments that so intellectual and trustworthy a man ought not to be the property of an irresponsible master.

The whole behavior of the dog is exactly like that of a burly, kindly, and rugged bargee, possessed of cool judgment and rapid action, willing to risk his life for another, and then to make light of the whole business. I was for some years in charge of a water-side parish, and knew many a bargee who would have acted exactly in the same way if a child had fallen into the river. He would have got the child out at the risk of his own life, and then, instead of waiting for thanks, would have boxed its ears soundly, rated it for interrupting him in his work, and then have proceeded with his journey as if nothing had happened.

The man would have been held worthy of the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and would probably have received it. The dog can receive no reward in this world: shall we say that he will receive none in the next?

The process of reasoning that took place in the dog's mind is as evident as if the brain had been that of a man and not of a dog. The animal exhibited self-denial, presence of mind, and forethought. Had he jumped into the water at once, he could not have caught the little dog; but by galloping down the stream, getting ahead of the drowning animal, and then stemming the current until it was swept within his reach, he made sure of his object; and no man could have acted better if he had tried to save a drowning child.

The following curious instance of reason joined with accumulation has been recently sent to me. I know the dog, and an odd, eccentric little being he is:

"Property of every description requires a certain amount of supervision, whether 'real or personal,' as the lawyers say, and has its attendant anxieties as well as its attendant pleasures; but I never saw any animal so impressed with the responsibility as our present little dog appears to be.

"Having been in our possession all his little lifetime, the items of his personal property have gradually increased. At first he occupied the basket of his predecessor, which was taken up stairs for him at night. After some time another basket was purchased for the drawing-room, the old one retaining its place up stairs. New things are always favorites with children, and this at first was supposed to be the case with our little animal: he would not occupy the old basket at night, so the new one was brought up at night and placed beside it. This was continued for a short time, when the old one was taken down, the new one only remaining up stairs. This was not the right thing to do: he then refused to occupy the new one.

"I must confess to humoring his little peculiarities, so I fetched the old basket up, leaving *both* in the room. This was quite what he wanted, and gave evident satisfaction: he jumped into one, which he arranged comfortably, then performed the same operation in the other, and finally occupied both baskets at intervals during the night. He will now never compose himself at night until both baskets are in the room. One night I purposely removed his dish of water; he missed it, sat up begging on the spot it always occupied, and great was his delight on its restoration, although he had no wish to drink. I have given him duplicate property, and placed his baskets, water-dishes, etc., at different parts of the room; he never fails to go the round and inspect his property before fixing himself for the night, and most amusing it is to witness his anxiety until he has the whole of his goods under his own protection."

Here is an anecdote of important help rendered in a most unexpected manner. It was sent to me by the wife of the dog's owner:

"The late Lord M—— had a very fine large black Newfoundland dog, called 'Neptune,' which used to be kept chained up in a court-yard outside the castle. Now Neptune was very fond of mutton and pork, and used to worry the sheep and pigs whenever he had a chance. He was consequently very seldom let loose or taken out, unless they were going to ride in some out-of-the-way district. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1856, Lord M—— and Mr. H—— were riding across country, accompanied by Neptune, when, coming to a high bank with a broad ditch on either side, Lord M——'s horse refused to take it; so Lord M—— dismounted, and getting on to the bank tried to lead him over it; but, while so standing on the bank, a gust of wind blew his hat off, and, in trying to save it, the bridle slipped from his hand, and the horse became loose.

"As quick as lightning, Neptune, who had apparently been most interested in the endeavor to get the horse over, sprang after the hat, and, catching it, jumped with it on to the bank, dropped it at his master's feet, and dashed after the horse, which was trotting off, and before Mr. H—— could overtake it, he had seized the bridle with his teeth, and held on, checking it till Mr. H—— came up and took the bridle from him, when he appeared to express his pleasure by little short barks and a variety of gambols. What makes this a remarkable circumstance is that Neptune had never been broken in to fetch and carry, and had never been used as a retriever, or was known or seen to do any thing of the sort before that occasion."

In the following example of the conduct of a dog it is impossible to see that instinct had any thing to do with his conduct, which was evidently prompted by reason:

"While a friend of mine was last week superintending his workmen in a wood, he observed his dog, a retriever, busily occupied in collecting mouthfuls of hay and withered grass, and carrying it all to one spot. On going to examine it, he found the deposit made was on a closely coiled hedgehog. The dog, having attained his evident purpose of rendering the spines harmless, proceeded to take up the heap with its contents, and then set off triumphantly toward home."

No human being could have acted in a more judicious manner; and had a man saved his fingers by enveloping the hedgehog in grass, he would not have felt particularly flattered if told that he had acted by instinct and not by reason.

A rather odd example of dog-reasoning occurred not long ago. A Newfoundland dog was walking with his mistresses, when he got into a quarrel with a coster-monger's dog, fought him, conquered him, and left him howling on the ground. Seeing, however, that the animal would be in the way of the ladies, he returned, took up the animal in his mouth, and deposited him in the middle of the road, so as to allow them to pass without annoyance, and then returned to his usual position.

We will now pass to other animals.

We are often accustomed to use the name of ass as a synonym for stupidity, whereas it is one of the most intelligent animals in the world. The Rev. C. Otway has the following remarks on the subject:

"I assert that if you were to make yourself acquainted with asses, you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgeled, and he got something better to graze upon than thistles.

"Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king's fool, proved the ablest animal about the place, and, like others, having more wit than good manners, he was forever not only going, but leading other cattle, into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open it; there was not a fence that he would not climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying with sheer wantonness in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him, and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept."

A correspondent of *Land and Water* gives an interesting account of a similar mode of proceeding on the part of two long-horned cows. The door of the hay chamber opened outward, and was fastened by a latch lifted by the finger thrust through a hole in the door. The cows had seen this done, and, if left alone, would invariably open the door by inserting the tip of a horn into the finger-hole, lifting the latch, and then drawing the door toward them. He also describes the mode in which a cat opened a kitchen door, by jumping up and hanging on the handle of the latch.

Dr. Bell has recorded almost identical habits both of the horse and the cow, and I have heard similar stories in many places.

As if to illustrate this point still further, I have just received an account of a cow which could not be kept in the field, because she was in the habit of lifting the latch with her horn and then pushing the gate open.

The same correspondent mentions a horse which was accustomed to pump water for himself. The pump was in a corner of the horse-box in which the horse was shut for the night, and the coachman used to be puzzled at the fact that when he came in the morning the end of the stable was always an inch or so deep in water. At last he suspected that the horse might have been the delinquent, and so fastened him up without giving him any water, and watched him unobserved when let loose in the morning. The animal went at once to the pump, took the handle in his teeth, worked it up and down, and, when the water was in full flow, placed his mouth under the spout to drink. He could not endure being watched while pumping, and if he saw any one observing him, would rush at him with open mouth in order to scare him away.

The mule, like the ass, is popularly thought to be a stupid and stubborn creature, and yet there are few animals more intelligent in their way. I can not resist relating one or two anecdotes, which are told by J. Froebel, in his work on South America. The mule, it appears, is a most difficult animal to manage, on account of its cunning. Force is of no use, and the Mexican mule-drivers pride themselves in their skill in managing the animals. At the end of the day's journey the mules are unharnessed and allowed to go free, and are captured by the lasso when they are to be again harnessed. Some mules are so cunning, however, that even the experienced muleteers can scarcely capture them. Some of them assemble in a compact circle, with their heads all pressed together, so as to prevent the noose from settling on their necks, while others push their heads under the wagons or between the wheels. Others, still more cunning, stand still, and as the lasso rushes toward them, merely step aside and let it pass.

One mule, a white one, succeeded in baffling the attempts of the drivers throughout the whole of a long journey. As soon as the harness time approached, it ran off for half a mile, and there stood until the whole train of wagons was in motion, when it quietly joined its companions. On one or two occasions it was captured by a couple of men on horseback; but it led them such a chase, wasted so much time, and fatigued the horses so much, that it got its own way and had a mere journey of pleasure, while all its companions were hard at work.

Another mule, which belonged to a convent, was equally averse to work. There were six mules, each being worked on one day of the week in regular order. This mule knew its own day perfectly well, and on that morning it always tried to keep the servants out of the yard by backing against the door.

The following account of a horse was sent to me by a clergyman:

"I had long entertained the idea of sending you a brief account of an instance of reason which occurred to my own knowledge, and, indeed, at our own door.

"A neighbor possessed a young foal, which, with his mother, used to pass our house daily, early in the morning, during our breakfast-time, and had a habit of straying upon a piece of waste ground which then occupied its front, but has since been inclosed and formed into a front garden. My daughter, who is extremely partial to horses, used to run out and offer the little animal a piece of bread.

"This went on regularly, until at last, when he was between two and three years old, he would not wait for the bread, but used to go to the door, plant his fore-feet on the steps, so as to gain sufficient elevation, and then lift the knocker with his nose, afterward waiting for the expected morsel.

"Had I been a rich man, I would have bought him at almost any price; for his mother was a well-bred mare, and he promised to be a very useful roadster."

Here we have the two qualities of memory and reasoning displayed in a most unmistakable character. Indeed, if we suppose that a dumb man had acted as the horse did, we should have been disposed to marvel at the way in which human reason could communicate ideas without the aid of speech. In this case the memory of the animal enabled him to expect his daily dole of bread, and his reason—not his instinct—taught him that, when the knocker was sounded, some one came to the door. It is evident that the horse had seen the knocker used, had noted the result, and had followed the example, using, of course, his nose in lieu of a hand.

Perhaps there are few of us who have possessed pet cats, and have not seen the animals perform very similar feats. Although too small to reach a knocker or a latch, many a cat has been seen to knock at the door and to open it for herself, merely by jumping and striking the object with her paw.

Sometimes, when a door must be opened by means of a handle instead of a latch, the animal knows perfectly well that it is physically incapable of turning the handle, and therefore does not try to do so. But it will always find some way of intimating its wish to have the door opened, and will ask, as plainly as if it possessed speech, some human being to perform the task of which it feels itself incapable.

Some few years ago Professor Cope related the proceedings of a tame monkey which he possessed—one of the common Capuchin monkeys.

The animal was kept in a cage, or rather was supposed to be kept in it, for he had a strong objection to confinement, and was sure to break loose sooner or later. He always directed his attention to the hinges, and no matter how firmly they were fixed, he was sure before long to extract the staples, pull out the nails, and so open the door at the hinges and not at the latch.

Finding that the cage could not hold him, his master had him confined by a strap fastened round his waist, after the manner of monkeys. The strap proved to be of no more use than the cage, for the crafty animal soon contrived to open it. This he did by the ingenious expedient of picking out the threads by which the straps were sewn to the buckles, and so rendering the fastenings useless.

Then he was replaced in the cage and carefully watched. Having rid himself of the strap, he thought that he might as well turn it to some practical purpose. So, having perceived that some food had fallen out of his reach, he took one end of the strap in his paw, flung the other over the morsel of food, and so drew it toward him. In this feat he displayed great accuracy of aim, seldom missing the object which he wanted.

Once or twice, when he had to make a longer throw than usual, he loosened his hold of the strap. The first time that this happened some one handed him the poker. He took it, drew the strap toward him, and resumed its use as before.

Now I should think that no reasonable reader could deny that every one of these acts was prompted by reason, which, so far from being even aided by instinct, was acting in direct opposition to it. The instinct of an animal when confined or tethered in any way is to break loose by main strength, and the instinct of the monkey would have impelled him to force his way through the bars of the cage or to strain at the strap until he broke it. His reason, however, taught him to look for the weak part in both cage and strap, and, having found it, to work at that part alone until he succeeded in his object.

How was it possible for instinct to teach him that the hinges were the weak part of his cage, and that, if he could only manage to draw the staples or nails, the door would open and he would be free? How could instinct teach him that the stitches of the strap-buckles were to the strap what the staples and nails were to the hinges, and that, if he could pick out the threads, the fastenings of the strap would be rendered useless? Neither could instinct teach him to use the strap in the light of a lasso, or to employ the poker in regaining his lost weapon.

Baron Trenck himself could not have displayed more ingenuity in discovering the weak parts of his prison and bonds than did this little monkey, nor could he have shown more patience and perseverance in working at them. Indeed, there are many human beings w[illegible]uld not have been half as sensible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILD WOMEN.

Among odd women may be classed those who, in earlier years, were wild girls, found in a semi-barbarous state in woods and lonely districts. Peter the Wild Boy and Caspar Hauser have had parallels in the gentler sex, if the narratives are to be believed. In 1731, while a nobleman was shooting near Chalons, he saw two beings in a small lake or pond, who proved to be girls of apparently ten or twelve years of age. They were very dark, and had a scanty covering of rags and skins. One made her escape and was not again seen; the other was secured and taken to the château of the Vicomte d'Epinay. She spoke no words, only a kind of wild scream; preferred raw meat and vegetables to cooked; her fingers and thumbs were very strong, owing to frequent climbing and clinging on trees. A shepherd to whose care she was consigned had much difficulty in retaining and taming her, for she would scratch holes in the walls and roof of his hut and escape into the woods. When exhibited before the Queen of Poland, in 1737, she displayed her fleetness in outrunning hares and rabbits. She was baptized as Marie le Blanc, but did not live to do credit to her spons[illegible] health declined under the influence of civilized usages, and she was sent to a convent, where she passed out of the world's ken. Another instance comes under date 1767, where some Hungarians were chasing the wild boar near Frauenmark, and followed their prey far over the mountains. Seeing the tracks of human footsteps in the snow, they traced them to a cavern, where they found a young girl, unclothed, and very brown in color. She set up a cry and gazed on the hunters, who took her away with them. They conveyed her to a hospital near Chemnitz, where she was clothed and made to take nourishment. At first she refused all the cooked food presented to her, preferring roots, inner bark, and other undressed articles of vegetable growth. What became of her we have no record to tell.

"THE GAME OF HEARTS."

We were only playing a game of hearts
  To beguile the summer hours,
As butterflies idle the livelong day
  Killing the sweet-lipped flowers.
I tossed my heart at her tiny feet,
  And she tossed it back to me,
While the smiles that danced in her sunny eyes
  Were merry as smiles could be.

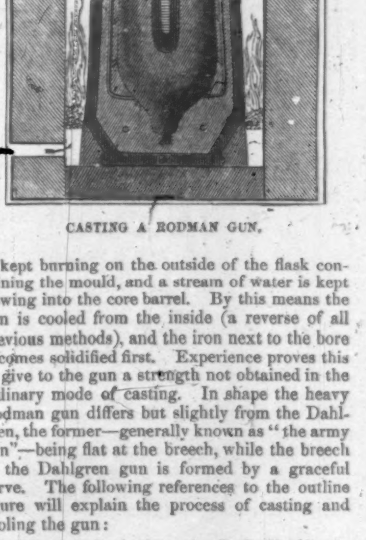
But what cared she for my homage light?
  And what for her smiles cared I?
"We are only playing a game," we thought,
  "To forget it by-and-by."
How could we know that those summer days
  Were weaving a web for each?
How could we dream the lessons of woe
  Those idle hours would teach?

For all too soon with a sudden pain
  My heart grew weary of play,
And laid itself at her feet once more
  Pleading with tears to stay.
And she—ah me! but the summer is dead,
  And we—we are far apart:
Another her promised hand has won,
  But I hold her breaking heart!

BIG GUNS.

On the following page will be found two very interesting engravings, designed to illustrate the difference between American and English heavy ordnance. The upper cut shows an enormous twenty-inch Rodman gun, mounted at the end of the tier of fifteen-inch guns which extends along the embankment for a quarter of a mile below Fort Hamilton. This gun weighs 116,400 pounds, is twenty feet three and a half inches in length, and throws a projectile weighing 1100 pounds. The carriage for the gun weighs 36,000 pounds, and is made in two parts, as shown in the engraving. The lower part, called the *chassis*, is a kind of railway, on which the upper part of the carriage, which is like that of a mortar, slides along when it receives the recoil of the gun. The whole rests upon a granite foundation. The forward end of the chassis is fastened to an anchor block or pier by means of a six-inch bolt, called a pintle. From this point the carriage revolves around a semicircular traverse rail, on wheels. This rail, and also a support for the middle of the carriage, stand on granite. The range of this gun is between five and six miles.

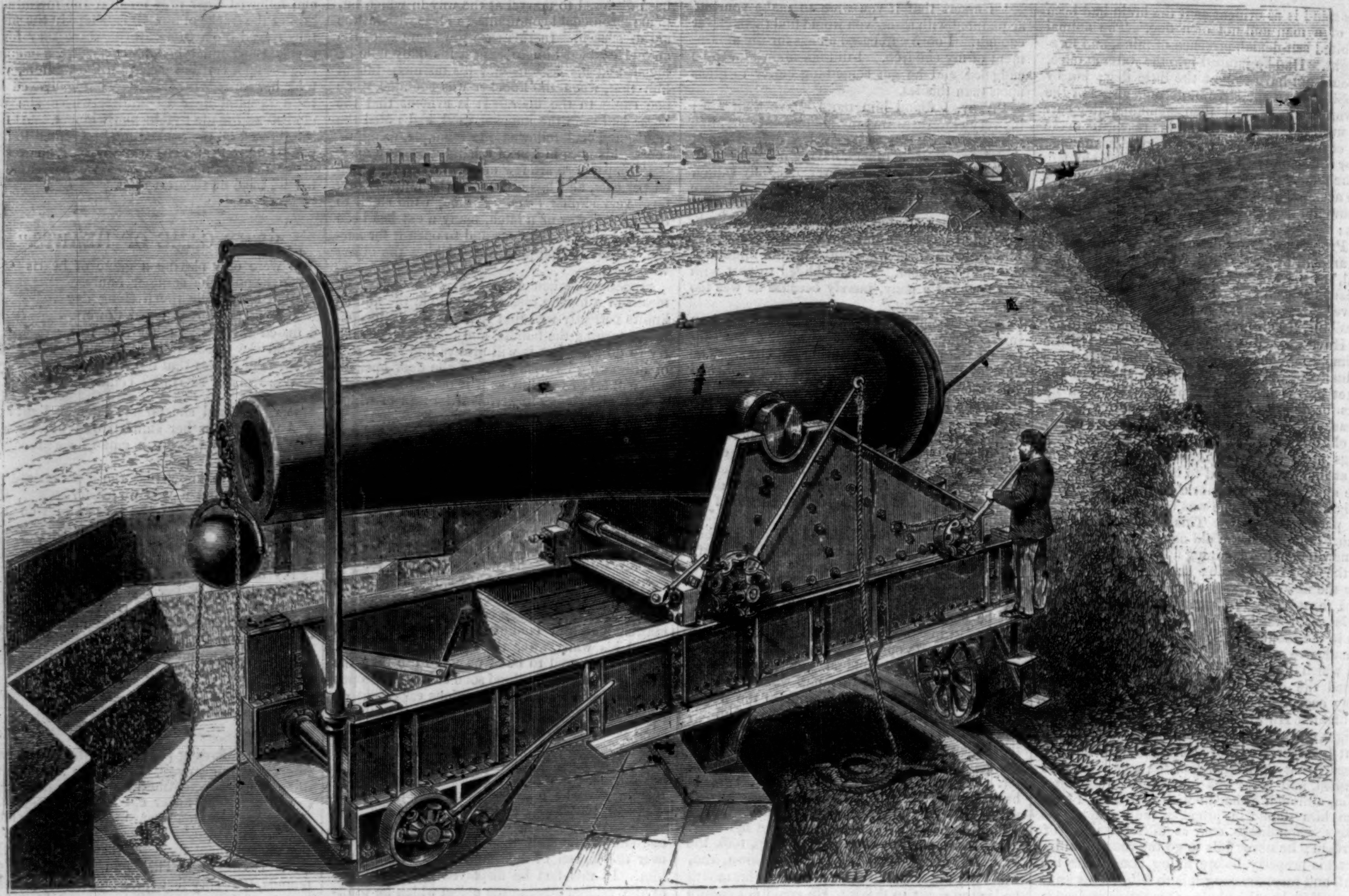
This gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by the method invented by General Rodman. During the process of casting, as shown in the accompanying cut, a fire is kept burning on the outside of the flask containing the mould, and a stream of water is kept flowing into the core barrel. By this means the gun is cooled from the inside (a reverse of all previous methods), and the iron next to the bore becomes solidified first. Experience proves this to give to the gun a strength not obtained in the ordinary mode of casting. In shape the heavy Rodman gun differs but slightly from the Dahlgren, the former—generally known as "the army gun"—being flat at the breech, while the breech of the Dahlgren gun is formed by a graceful curve. The following references to the outline figure will explain the process of casting and cooling the gun:



CASTING A RODMAN GUN.

A, Side of pit dug in the earth. B, Flask holding in shape the earth mould. C, Mould, a mixture of earth and sand. D, Core barrel. E, Water. F, Escape flue. G, Gun. H, Braces for keeping flask upright.

Formidable as the Rodman gun appears from its size and weight, our artillerists have gradual-



TWENTY-INCH RODMAN GUN, FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

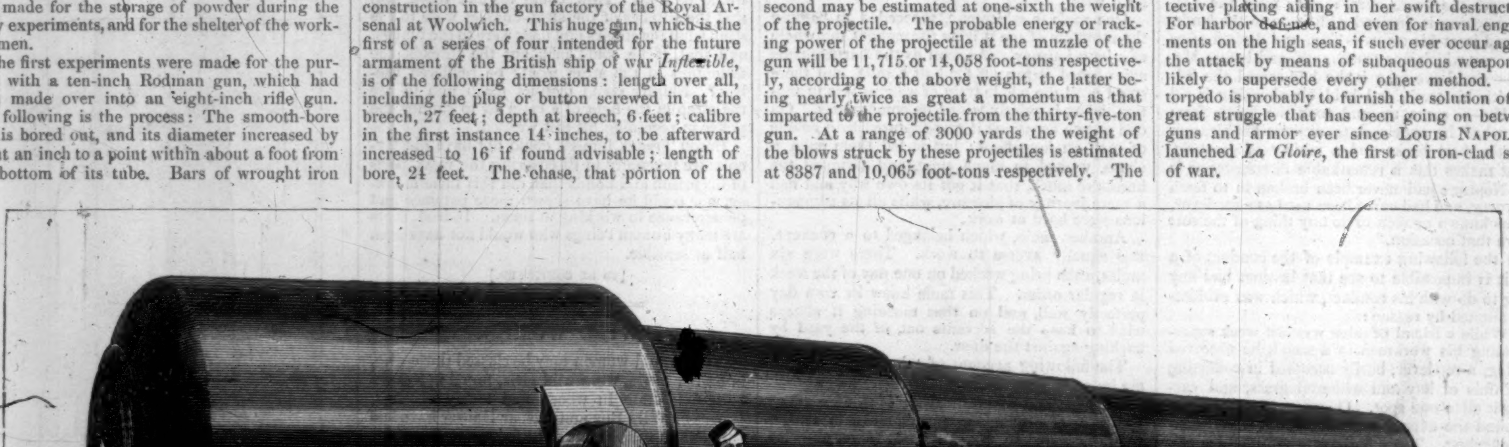
ly come to the conclusion that the date of smooth-bore guns is past. A few months ago, moved by their representations, the War Department ordered the appointment of a board of officers to make numerous experiments with a view to increasing the worth of our armament. The officers chosen to constitute this board were Colonels CRISPIN, BAYLOR, and TREADWELL, Major MACKEE, and Captain BUTLER. Arrangements were made last summer at the unfinished fort at Sandy Hook for the thorough prosecution of the work. Two frame buildings were erected, one as an office for the board, and the other, which was divided into two compartments, as a shelter for the guns being tested. About 210 feet from the latter shed a butt, or target of planks backed by sand, was put up, and in the space between the shed and the butt two frames were built for the velocity tests, which, by means of a very ingenious contrivance, can be made with absolute certainty. A short distance diagonally from the rear of the firing shed a bomb-proof was made for the storage of powder during the daily experiments, and for the shelter of the working-men.

The first experiments were made for the purpose with a ten-inch Rodman gun, which had been made over into an eight-inch rifle gun. The following is the process: The smooth-bore gun is bored out, and its diameter increased by about an inch to a point within about a foot from the bottom of its tube. Bars of wrought iron are then coiled, as in making a twist-barreled small rifle. The coil is heated and then welded. When the tube thus formed is cold it is put into the old gun, and caught with a collar at the mouth of the piece. There is a small space left between the sides of the new tube and those of the old gun, which the expansive pressure of the gases must cause the inserted cylinder to fill. The experiments were on the whole satisfactory. The remodeled gun projected a shot weighing 186 pounds with an energy sufficient to penetrate seven inches of iron plating at a distance of 1000 yards. This shows a power about three times as great as that of the old smooth-bore Rodman gun. It is a question, however, which would be the wiser course—to go on altering the old smooth-bores into rifles, or manufacture entirely new guns on the best methods now adopted in Europe.

The other engraving represents the monster English gun of eighty-one tons as it will appear when completed. It is at present in course of construction in the gun factory of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. This huge gun, which is the first of a series of four intended for the future armament of the British ship of war *Inflexible*, is of the following dimensions: length over all, including the plug or button screwed in at the breech, 27 feet; depth at breech, 6 feet; calibre in the first instance 14 inches, to be afterward increased to 16 if found advisable; length of bore, 24 feet. The chase, that portion of the gun forward of the trunnions, is divided into three parts instead of two, as is the case with the other heavy Woolwich guns, in order to admit of the coils of which it is constructed being placed upright to be welded together under the ponderous blows of the steam-hammer. So many accidents have occurred in lifting these gigantic "infants," as they are facetiously called, owing to their slipping away from the slings, that in place of the usual cascabel loop a movable button has been contrived for the breech, which will not interfere with the working of the gun in the turret, but which can be screwed out and its place supplied by a powerful shackle whenever the gun has to be transported. In the engraving the breech is represented with the button screwed in.

Neither the weight of the projectile nor the quantity of powder to be contained in the cartridge for this enormous gun has as yet been positively determined; but the first will probably range between 1000 and 1200 pounds, while the second may be estimated at one-sixth the weight of the projectile. The probable energy or racking power of the projectile at the muzzle of the gun will be 11,715 or 14,058 foot-tons respectively, according to the above weight, the latter being nearly twice as great a momentum as that imparted to the projectile from the thirty-five-ton gun. At a range of 3000 yards the weight of the blows struck by these projectiles is estimated at 8387 and 10,065 foot-tons respectively. The penetrating power with the PALLISER or chilled shot would probably send the projectile through nineteen or twenty inch armor, with backing necessary to sustain the weight of such ponderous plating. The projectiles will be considerably over four feet in length. The gun will not be ready for mounting before next spring.

The *Inflexible*, for which this enormous armament is intended, is now on the stocks. She is to have armor twenty-four inches in thickness on her turrets, and will be as nearly as possible impregnable above the water. Probably none of the guns at present in use would be of more use than so many popguns against her iron-clad sides. We have no ships of war to compete with such a vessel, and are taking no steps to provide them. It is, indeed, questionable whether it would be wise to do so. Impregnable though she may be above the water-line, a heavy torpedo charge fired in contact with her unarmored sides from underneath, would send her to the bottom, the ponderous weight of her protective plating aiding in her swift destruction. For harbor defense, and even for naval engagements on the high seas, if such ever occur again, the attack by means of subaqueous weapons is likely to supersede every other method. The torpedo is probably to furnish the solution of the great struggle that has been going on between guns and armor ever since LOUIS NAPOLEON launched *La Gloire*, the first of iron-clad ships of war.



EIGHTY-ONE-TON GUN FOR THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR "INFLEXIBLE."